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No. 2.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

Notes and chat from the art world—Painters and paintings in America and Europe, with portraits, and reproductions of pictures of the day.

A GIFT TO THE UNITED STATES.

WHAT will the extremists who cannot tolerate any suggestion of the nude in art say to the picture that George Frederick Watts has presented to the people of the United States, and which is to hang in the reception room of the White House at Washington? The two figures in "Love and Life"—the human weakling whose steps falter at the edge of a rocky gulf, and the strong winged angel who supports her—are entirely nude. And yet, like all of Mr. Watts' work, the picture is set in so lofty a key, and is so utterly removed from the earthly and sensual, that it is hard to see how even the extremists can find in it ought to cavil at.

Its companion picture, "Love and Death," in which Love, with crushed wing, vainly tries to drive the dark destroyer from the door of a house, is, it is understood, to be bequeathed to the English nation by the painter's will. Mr. Watts is well past seventy now. He is one of the oldest members of the Royal Academy, and certainly one of the most distinguished. It is

perhaps not generally known that he was the first husband of Ellen Terry.

PAINTERS AND TITLES.

MR. WATTS recently declined to become a baronet. Burne-Jones, to whom the honor was offered at the same time,



George Frederick Watts.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

accepted it. He is not the first English painter to receive titular distinction. The president of the Academy, Sir Frederic Leighton, is a baronet, and so also is Sir John Everett Millais. Another R.A., the veteran Sir John Gilbert, and Sir Noel Paton, are knights.

Burne-Jones is perhaps the most re-

the attempt to revive the sentiment and technique of the primitive painters resulted in work that was erratic, ill drawn, and repulsive.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON owed the beginning of his artistic career to the



Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

markable figure of contemporary English art. There is a startling contrast between his poetic symbolism and the characteristic qualities of the school to which most painters of his race belong. Neither he nor Watts have ever been really popular among their countrymen. Their work is above the comprehension of the masses; and in that of Burne-Jones there is the added eccentricity of an intense personality.

Of the little group of English artists who broke away from academic traditions to found the so called Pre-Raphaelite school, Burne-Jones stands easily first. Watts, though more or less in sympathy with the movement, was never one of the "brotherhood." Sir John Millais, who began with it, speedily deserted the new gospel. In the hands of less able men,

great American sculptor, Hiram Powers. As a boy of sixteen he was wintering in Florence with his father, who had strenuously opposed the lad's desire to become a painter. The elder Leighton finally yielded so far as to agree to submit his son's drawings to Mr. Powers, and to abide by the sculptor's opinion of their merit and promise. Powers praised young Leighton's work warmly, and recommended his father to allow him to follow what was evidently his natural bent. So the boy took up the brush which he was to learn to use so skilfully.

All his training was obtained on the Continent. The result is easily traced in his work, which possesses a beauty and richness of color rare among English painters. He spent fourteen or fifteen



"Greek Girls Playing Ball."
Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Sir Frederic Leighton.

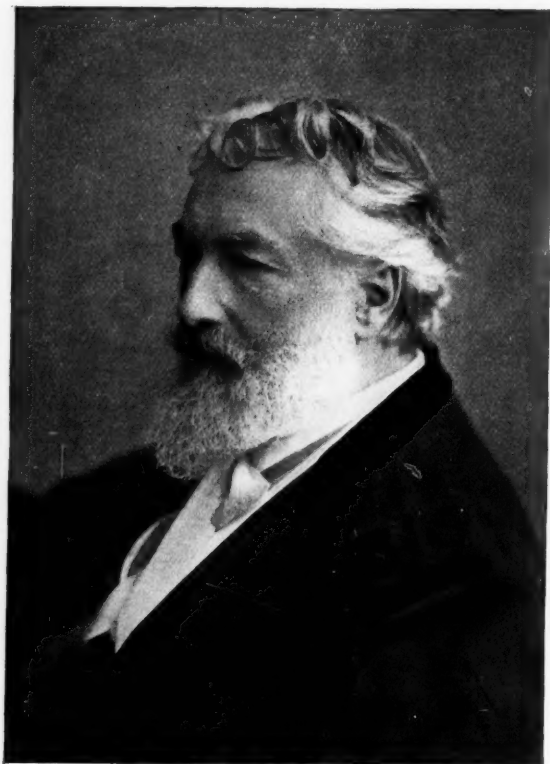
years studying and working in Frankfurt, Brussels, Paris, and Rome, before he went back to his native land.

His reputation had preceded him there. From Rome he had sent to the Academy

conscious dignity of the official standard bearer of his country's art. The Royal Academy is one of the great public institutions of England, and its head must not only be eminent as an artist, but

must have other qualities that are rare among his fraternity. He must be an administrator, a man of judgment and knowledge, a man of social tact and financial acumen, a man respected both by the inner circle of art and by the outer world at large. And every English critic will tell you that Sir Frederic Leighton meets all these requirements, and is the best president the Academy ever had.

There are not many of his works on this side of the Atlantic. In the Metropolitan Museum, for instance, which is so comparatively rich in fine examples of the French school, he is represented by only one small and not very characteristic head of "Nydia." Two of his representative pictures are reproduced here, on pages 115 and 117.



Sir Frederic Leighton, P. R. A.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

exhibition of 1855 a picture which, coming from the brush of an artist wholly unknown in England, made almost a sensation. It was a large canvas full of figures, a study of medieval Florence, showing the procession that escorted Cimabue's "Madonna" to the church of Santa Maria Novella. It was the most talked of picture of the year, and was purchased by Queen Victoria. From that time to this its painter has stood at the front of the British fraternity of the brush.

Nowadays Sir Frederic—he got his title in 1878—is a courtly, white haired gentleman of sixty three, with the con-

SOME LONDON AND PARIS STUDIOS.

ONE of the features of Sir Frederic Leighton's house in London is the large extension, with glazed sides and roof, where the painter works when he needs a strong light, or when his picture demands an open air effect. This glass studio was patterned upon one built by Luke Fildes, who in turn may have borrowed the idea from Paris. Bouguereau certainly had one many years ago, and has pronounced it to have been of great value to him.

Mr. Spielmann, the English writer on art, speaks of having seen the great French master in his glass room, which projects over the garden of his house in the Rue Notre Dame des Petits Champs,

at work upon his "Awakening of Spring." This, by the way, was the canvas through which a somewhat demonstrative critic—an American, we regret to say—who disapproved of its nude figures, flung a chair, "by way," as Mr. Spielmann observes, "of protest that God's creatures were created without draperies."

made the weeds grow so fast that what he began to paint each morning must be finished before sunset, as the next morning they had outgrown his picture.

Verestchagin, the Russian painter who not long ago exhibited a collection of his weird and striking work in this country, hit upon an improvement. At his home, which is also in the suburbs



"Summer Moon."

From the painting by Sir Frederic Leighton.

Several other Parisian artists have availed themselves of the glass studio idea. Ridgway Knight, the Philadelphian, who has established himself at Poissy, just outside the French capital, constructed one in his suburban garden. One autumn, when unseasonably cold weather prevented him from finishing a picture begun out of doors, he imitated the mossy bank upon which he had posed his model by raising a mound at one end of his glass house, sodding it, and planting it with weeds; but he found that warmth and shelter

of Paris, he has a glazed outdoor studio which revolves upon wheels, so that models or drapery can always have the sunlight fall upon them in the same direction. The turning is done with a windlass conveniently placed beside the painter's easel.

CAF STUDIOS.

A CURIOUS kind of studio is much in vogue among painters of Parisian street scenes.

"One day," says Henry Bacon, in his book on contemporary French art,



"A Love Dream."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by F. Lefler.



"Hero and Leander."

From the painting by C. von Bodenhausen.

"when I was coming up the Champs Elysées, a cab with the green blind down, and standing next to the walk, attracted my attention. It showed that some one was paying two francs an hour for the privilege of remaining stationary as long as he might choose to do so. Presently up went the curtain, and there appeared the head of Jean Beraud, the artist.

"At his invitation I put my head into the miniature studio to see his last picture. His canvas was perched upon the seat in front, his color box beside him; and with the curtain down on one side to keep out the reflection, and to hide himself from the prying eyes of passers by, he could paint at ease, through the opposite window, a view of the avenue, as a background to a group of figures.



"Listening to the Fairies."

From the painting by C. von Bodenhausen.

"Who originated this idea it is hard to say; but for years, since pictures of modern Paris have been so popular, it has been employed by Détaillé, De Neuville, De Nittis, Duez, Beraud, and others."

THE BURNING OF A VALUABLE CANVAS.

A PAINTING which comparatively few people had ever seen, but which

was undoubtedly one of the most valuable in the United States, was destroyed by fire a few weeks ago, in Brooklyn. It had had a curious history. It was "The Death of Cæsar," one of the last pictures painted by Benjamin West, the self taught Philadelphia Quaker, who made his way to London, and there succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as president of the Royal Academy. Thirty or



"An Evening at Home."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Ernst Haeckel.



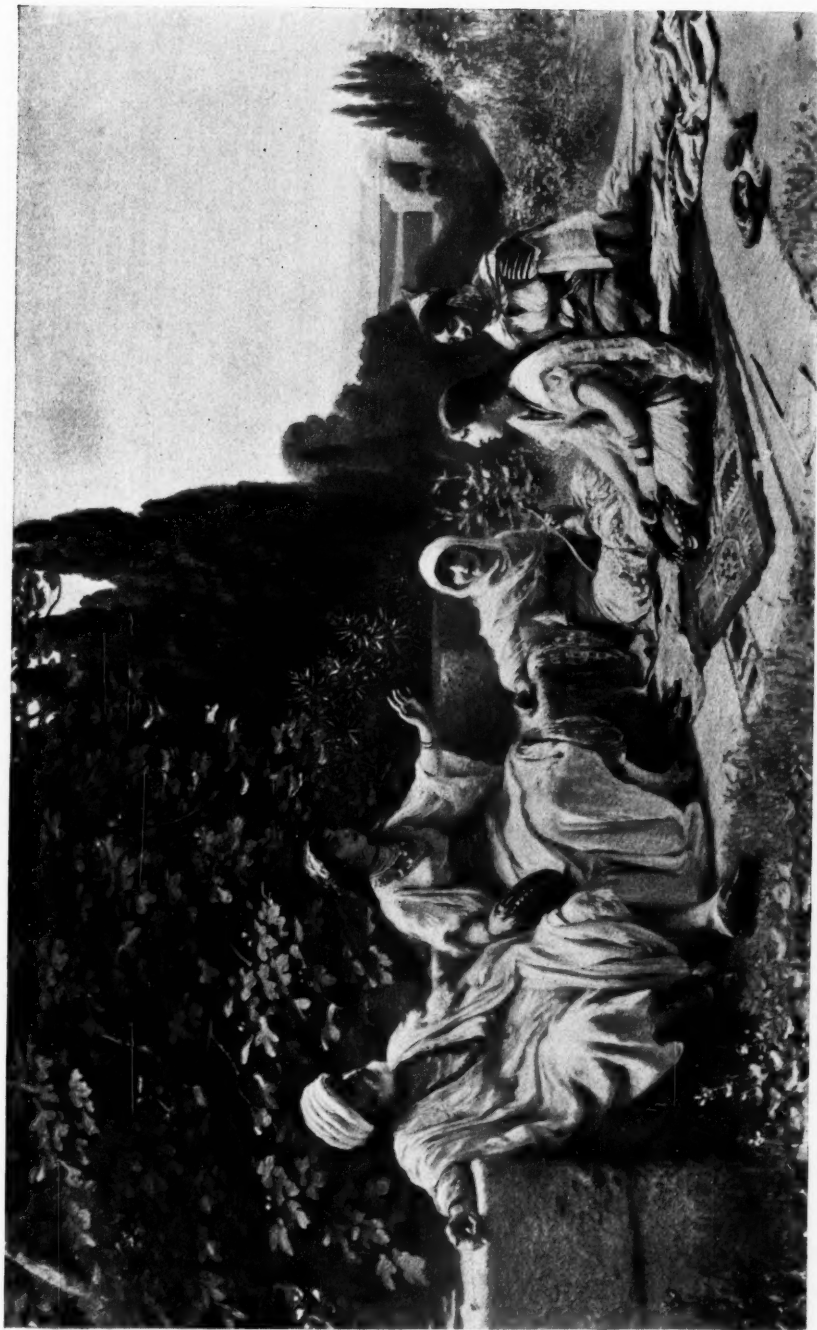
"St. John and the Virgin Mary."

From the painting by B. Flockhorst.

forty years ago a Mr. Abraham Sellers, of Sheffield, England, took it in payment of a debt of five thousand dollars. He rolled up the canvas, which measured about nine feet by eight, and put it in a large zinc tube.

Some years later Mr. Sellers came to America, bringing the picture with him. The Centennial commissioners heard of

it, and tried to borrow it from him for the exhibition in Fairmount Park. Although West has often been called "the father of American art," examples of his work are very rare in his native country. His "Death on the Pale Horse," which was purchased for the Academy in Philadelphia at a cost of forty thousand dollars, is almost the



"An Arabian Song."
Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by R. Leinweber.



"Their First Waltz."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by R. Leinweber.

only important picture of his that we have. But Mr. Sellers refused to let the "Death of Cæsar" go out of its tube, even when the commissioners offered him a hundred dollars a week for the loan of it. After his death, it was hung in a Brooklyn lawyer's office, where it met its fiery fate.

ART AND "HARD TIMES."

It was freely prophesied, last autumn, that "hard times" were in store for the American art world; but it does not seem, after all, as if any serious financial depression has been felt in that quarter. Exhibitions have been as numerous and on the whole as successful as usual, and some important sales have

been held, with prices at a very tolerable level.

The most interesting displays, apart from the annual gatherings of the art societies, were probably the exhibitions of the works of Cazin, of the late A. H. Wyant, and of the Swedish figure painter, Zorn; and the sale of the last of the collections made by the late George Ingraham Seney. Minor exhibitions, in New York, Boston, and elsewhere, were numerous. In all, several thousand pictures, largely consisting of new work by native artists, have been on view before a very great audience, and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been paid for them by purchasers. The public that delights in seeing and buy-



"A Japanese Girl."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by N. Sichel.

ing pictures is not nearly as large in America as it is in England or France, but it is rapidly increasing.

THE SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

THE regular spring exhibitions in New York—those of the American

question—if a question it may be termed. Their assemblage of undraped females was simply startling.

We have always believed that the justification of nudity in a painting is that it should possess dignity and beauty. Only to the base and ignorant mind is there suggestion of evil in a figure that has these qualities. But we find neither of them in some of the canvases shown us by this society. They displayed the human form as anything but sublime. The breezy critic of a daily contemporary aptly remarks of one especially repulsive canvas that "it is the sort of picture to hang at the other end of a bowling alley in a harem."

To turn to the pleasanter task of bestowing merited praise, the honors of the exhibition rested with the society's president, Mr. Chase; with Henry Oliver Walker, whose pleasing composition, "The Singers," won him the Shaw Prize; with Frank Vincent DuMond's serious and impressive "Baptism"; with Carroll Beckwith, Albert Herter, William Thorne, and Cecilia Beaux in portraiture, and with Augustus St. Gaudens in the small but very creditable collection of works of sculpture.

Of Mr. Beckwith, who exhibited five canvases, all of them above mediocrity, a

portrait is given on this page. He is a Missourian by birth, a New Yorker by residence, and a pupil of Carolus Duran.

The display at the National Academy, which continues open until the 12th of May, has been spoken of as not epoch making. It is only fair to add, however, that it shows a decided advance upon its predecessors, and is a satisfactory proof of the Academy's undiminished vitality. Of some of its exhibits and exhibitors we may speak next month.



James Carroll Beckwith.

From a photograph by Moreno, New York.

Water Color Society, the Society of American Artists, and the National Academy—were not epoch making, nor were they below the level of former years.

The American Artists maintained their reputation as men with individual opinions and the courage to exploit them, even at the risk of results that seem bizarre and eccentric to the unenlightened. There is no possibility of doubt as to their views upon the nude



"Fare Thee Well!"

From the painting by P. Andreotti.

THE BRITISH PEERAGE.

The ancient aristocracy of England, and how it continues to flourish in modern days—Its wealth, power, and privileges, with portraits of some of its leading members.

By Richard H. Titherington.

IF the worthy Mr. John Adams of Massachusetts had had his way at the time when our Revolutionary forefathers were framing a political system for their infant nation, we might today have possessed in our midst an ancient nobility like that of the country whose allegiance we had forsworn. His suggestion of a titled order, however, was declined with little thanks, and only resulted in his elevation to an imaginary peerage as the Duke of Braintree—a title

that their Democratic opponents continually threw in the teeth of himself and his no less dignified and eminent son.

John Adams had long been resident at European courts. He had dwelt in an atmosphere where the existence of hereditary dignities seems the most natural thing in the world. The point of view, as has often been said, is everything. As we gaze at it eastwardly across the Atlantic, a hereditary nobility seems a grotesque medieval survival, an almost humorously incongruous element of a modern democracy. Brought up beneath its beneficent shadow, the average Englishman shudders at the thought of existence without it.

Let laws and learning, wealth and commerce, die ;

But save our ancient aristocracy !

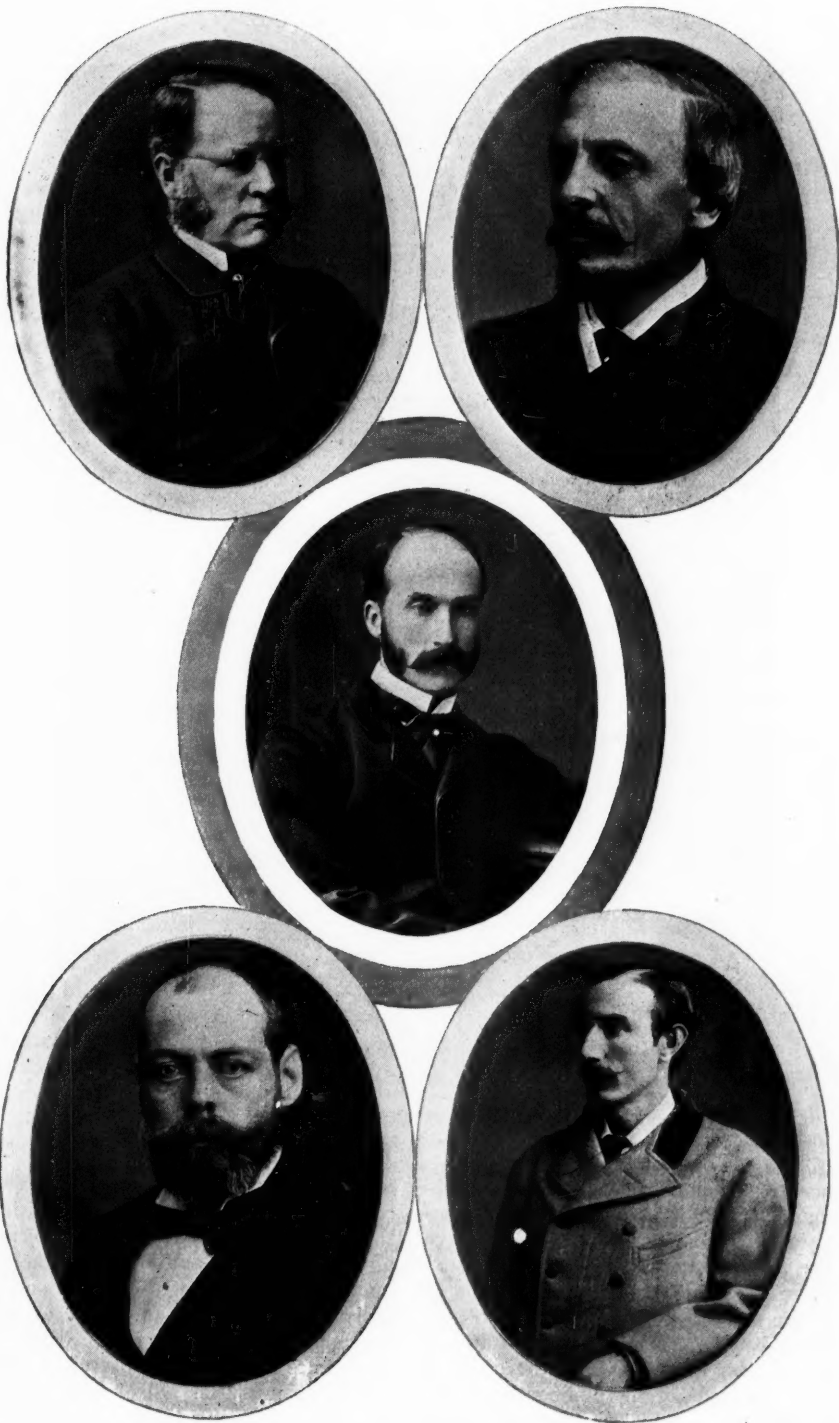
Or, if he be of a cynical and skeptic turn, he may indorse the more negative views set forth by Mr. Arthur Pendennis.

"An hereditary legislator," observed that young philosopher, "who passes his time with jockeys and blacklegs and ballet girls, and who is called to rule over me and his other betters because his grandfather made a lucky speculation in the funds, or found a coal mine on his property, or because his stupid ancestor happened to be in command of ten thousand men who overcame twelve thousand Frenchmen or fifty thousand Indians—such a man, I say, inspires me with no more respect than the bitterest democrat can feel towards him. But, such as he is, he is a



Lord Charles Beresford.

From a photograph by Bassano, London



Lord Playfair.

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

The Marquis of Lansdowne.

Lord Randolph Churchill.

The Earl of Dunraven.



The Countess of Warwick.

From a photograph by Kingsbury, London.

part of the old society to which we belong. I submit to his lordship with acquiescence; and he takes his place above the best of us at dinner parties, and there bides his time. The question as to the use and propriety of the order is not affected. There it is, extant among us, a part of our habits, the creed of many of us, the growth of centuries, the symbol of a most complicated tradition."

Such theorizing is, perhaps, least in-

teresting to the noble personages who cause it. They are busy collecting their rents and spending them, looking after their racing and hunting stables, lending the luster of their presence to society, attending to the more or less onerous duties of high public office, or sometimes devoting themselves to less creditable pursuits. Black sheep, after all, are rare among them. The House of Lords contains quite or nearly five hundred and fifty members, though it is

seldom indeed that anything like that number takes part in its transactions ; and it is only an instance of inevitable human weakness that among five hundred and fifty men who have been exposed from boyhood to all the temptations of wealth and social homage, there should be a few Ailesburys and Lonsdales. We have seen a Jabez Spencer Balfour in the House of Commons, and equally maculate personages in Congress.

The typical English peer is, on the whole, a pretty good fellow. He does not sell his possessions and give the proceeds to the poor, but he has serious ideas about his estates and his tenantry. He feels the force of the conceited motto, "*noblesse oblige*." To public undertakings that duly seek his favor he will graciously vouchsafe his support. Much of his time may be given to sport, but he is ready to devote a share of it to the service of his county or the state.

More, a good deal more than this, might be said of many peers. England undoubtedly owes much to the fact that such men as—to take a foremost instance—Lord Rosebery, are found ready to scorn the delights of gilded leisure, and live laborious days in bearing the standard of their country's political destinies. The Roseberys and the Salisburys do not prove that the peerage is a heaven sent institution, but they certainly moderate the acrimony of its critics.

Dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons—these are the five ranks of British nobility in their order of precedence. The barons are more numerous than all the rest combined. Their order and that of the earls, who are second in numbers, date back to William the Conqueror ; the other three were established by the Plantagenet kings.

The majority of existing titles, however, are much more recent. They have been bestowed upon the holders for a wide variety of reasons. Of the creations of the present reign, for instance, Lord Alcester, who was Admiral Seymour, represents the navy ; Lords Wolseley, Roberts, and others, distinguished military services ; Lord Tennyson, great poetic fame ; Lord Kelvin—better known

as Sir William Thompson—renown in electrical science ; Lord Playfair, a combination of scientific and political eminence.

The possession of wealth is always a



The Earl of Aberdeen.

From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

consideration in the bestowal of a peerage. Offered titles have been declined on the ground of lack of revenues to support the traditional state of a noble. On the other hand, amplitude of purse—especially, it is hinted, if coupled with a judicious laxity of purse strings when the political parties' treasuries are low—is a powerful aid to promotion. It would be difficult to say what but their wealth brought titles to the banking families of Rothschild and Baring, or the brewing families of Guinness, Allsopp, and Bass.

More peerages still are created for political reasons. When an expiring government goes out of office, there is generally a distribution of rewards among the faithful. When a new

government comes in, it is likely to give titles to the lawyers who take the great judicial offices.

American interest in the English peer-



Lady Randolph Churchill.

From a photograph by Van der Weyde, London.

age centers to a certain extent upon its matrimonial alliances with transatlantic belles and heiresses. These have been frequent enough, of late years, to create a distinctive American element in the "high society" of England, of which the two American duchesses, Lady Randolph Churchill, and—although untitled—Mrs. Paget, formerly Miss Paran Stevens, are among the leaders. The

coronets of Abinger, Anglesey, Falkland, Grantley, Craven, Essex, Playfair, and Vernon have also been set upon the brows of American brides. Stout republicans and democrats as we are, there seems to be a grain of truth in the oft repeated joke about our penchant for titled sons in law.

New Yorkers may remember the commotion caused by the wedding of the young Earl of Craven to Miss Bradley Martin in Grace Church last year. Since then another New York girl, Miss Adele Grant, who once before came near becoming Countess of Cairns, has married the Earl of Essex; and Miss Virginia Bonyngne, the daughter of a California millionaire, has gained the prospect of equal rank through her recent union to Lord Deerhurst, eldest son of the Earl of Coventry.

Of course, too, many of the noted beauties of England enter the peerage by marriage. The Dowager Duchess of Leinster, who as Lady Kildare was famed as the belle of her day, was born to rank, being a daughter of the Earl of Feversham. The Countess of Warwick, often named as the handsomest woman in England, just missed noble birth, which would have been hers had not her father, Colonel Maynard, died shortly before her grandfather, Lord Maynard, whose title thereby became extinct. Miss Maynard married the Earl of Warwick's son, who was Lord Brooke by courtesy; and as Lady Brooke she has been for years the most talked about woman of her country, whether or not she is the most beautiful.

She and her husband have been close friends of the Prince of Wales. It was she who exploded the historic Tranby Croft baccarat scandal by an incautious taunt she addressed to Sir William Gordon-Cumming; and it is inferred that the prince must have broken his pledge of silence to tell her the secret. She is a brilliant conversationalist, an accomplished whip, and a type of classic perfection of form and feature.

Last December, on the death of his



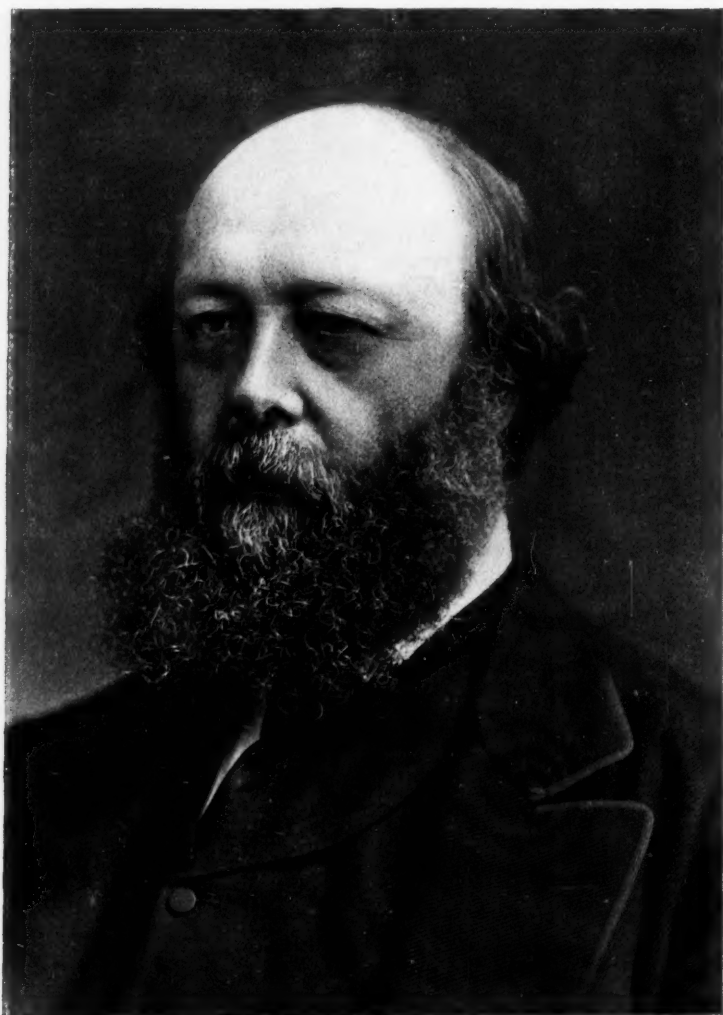
Lady Carew.

The Countess Annesley.

The Countess Cadogan.

The Marchioness of Londonderry.

The Countess of Orkney



The Marquis of Salisbury.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

father, her husband succeeded to the earldom of Warwick. The title is famous in history as that of the medieval "King Maker" who held the balance of power between the warring houses of York and Lancaster. But the modern earls are not his descendants. The line of the Nevils had long been extinct when the title was revived for its present holders, whose family name is Greville.

Lady Annesley is one of the newly wedded beauties of the peerage. The Countess of Orkney is another. In the

palmy days of the Gaiety Theater, when Nellie Farren and Kate Vaughan were at their theatrical zenith, "Connie" Gilchrist first appeared as a dancer. Romantic stories were told of her—that her origin was of the lowliest, that a London artist had noticed her and found her an ideal model, and again that she was the unacknowledged offspring of a great noble. This was a dozen years ago. Last year she was married to a Scotch earl, Lord Orkney.

In past times not a few actresses have



The Countess of Dudley.

From a photograph by Downey London.

wedded titles, but the present generation knows of but three or four. The Countess Clancarty, *née* Bilton, and the Marchioness of Ailesbury, formerly Dolly Tester, are notorious cases in point.

Lady Dudley was a Miss Rachel Gurney before her marriage, three years ago, to her husband, one of the richest of the young peers. One of Lord Dudley's ancestors was a Norfolk boy who trudged afoot to London, opened a little goldsmith's shop, and laid the foundation of his fortune by buying a quantity of rough diamonds from a sailor for the proverbial song. The Dudleys have

always been fond of diamonds. The present earl's father sent to the Vienna Exhibition a collection of them worth more than three million dollars.

Trace them far enough, and almost all the titled families spring from some plebeian ancestor. The Irish peers, who descend from an endless line of kings, should be excepted; but there are few of these. Most of the Irish titles are held by families of English origin. Lord Dunraven, of yachting fame, is one of the true sons of Erin; Ollioll Olum, king of Ireland in the third century, was his progenitor.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Scenes from the marvelous life story of the great regicide—Dramatic incidents of days that marked a turning point of English history.

By Clifton S. Smith.

BIOGRAPHY is the most interesting part of history; and the most interesting biographies are those of the great leaders of men. Napoleon, for in-

It is probably true that among the great Englishmen of history no other is comparable to Napoleon in so many respects as Oliver Cromwell. Carlyle did well to take the two as his types of "the hero as king." Derivationally, a king is the man who can, the able man, the powerful man; and in this sense Cromwell, though he never lifted his hand to grasp the royal emblem, was more truly a king than any other ruler his nation ever had.

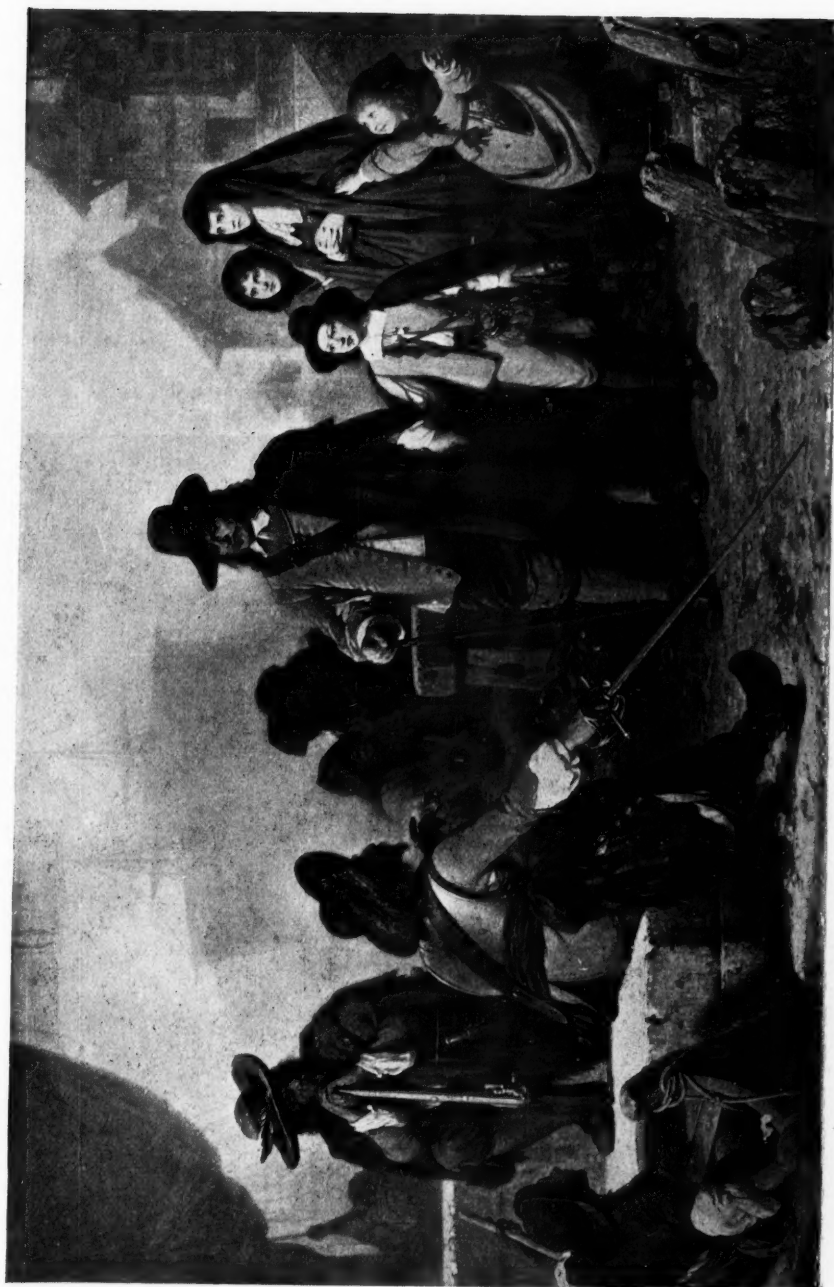
It is hardly necessary to point out the broad similarities between Cromwell and Napoleon—how both were the product of a period of revolution; how both, amid the ruins of an ancient system and the clash of factions, gained supreme power with the sword; how both brought order out of chaos and aggrandized their countries; how the life work of both was destined to be speedily swept away by a reactionary wave of Bourbonism.

More minute inquirers have traced many coincidences between the careers and characters of the two men. Crom-

well was not a soldier by training and instinct, as Napoleon was; yet when he took up arms, he was as irresistible, in his smaller field, as the Corsican conqueror in his. Destitute of Napoleon's insatiable ambition, Cromwell had his invincible and self confident resolution. He could mentally sweep away mountain chains with the same ease. "I will sail my ships over the Alps to stop



Oliver Cromwell.



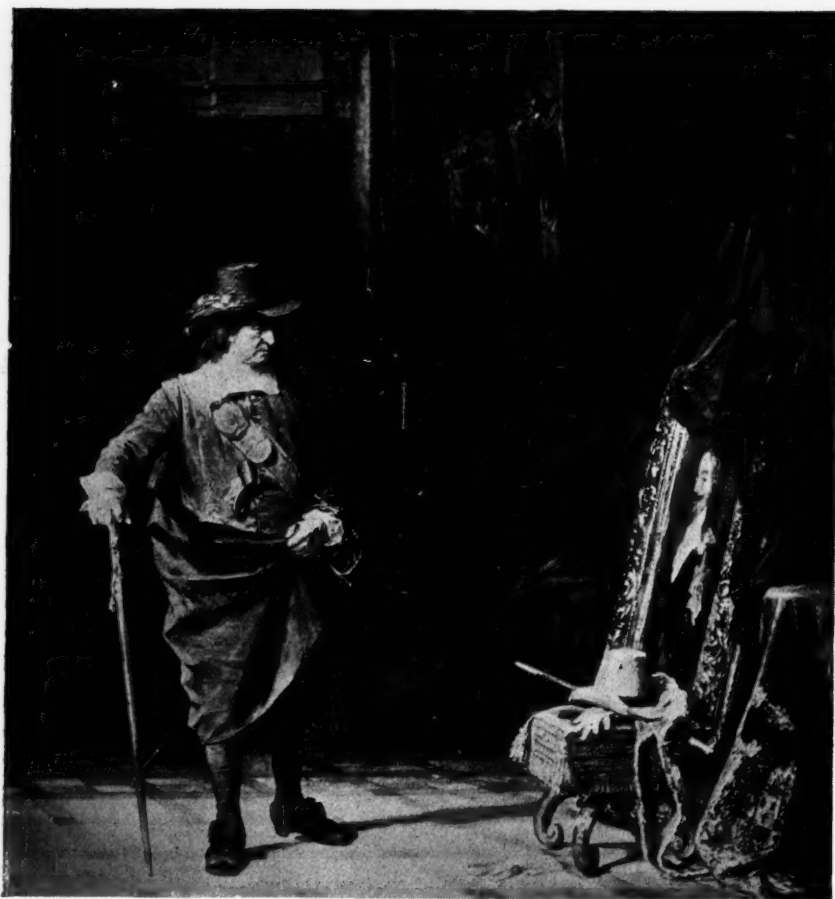
"Cromwell Forbidden to Sail for America."
From the painting by Ordine.

it!" he cried, when he heard of the Duke of Savoy's cruel persecution of the Vaudois Protestants.

The shout that greeted Cromwell's Ironsides on the fields of the civil war was like the "Vive l'empereur!" of Napoleon's guard. Each of the two rulers died while a great storm raged. Characteristically, Napoleon's last words were "Head of the army!" and Cromwell's, "God be with his people." Equally significant were their greetings of the rising sun on the morning of two great battles. "Behold the sun of Austerlitz!" cried Napoleon at Borodino. "Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered!" said Cromwell at Dunbar.

One of the strange points of Cromwell's history is the obscurity which surrounds much, even most, of his career, and makes his personality in many respects an unsettled problem. At fifty, he was the greatest man in England—almost the greatest man in Europe. At forty he was almost unknown. When he rose to speak in his second Parliament, Lord Digby asked who was "that sloven"? And Sir Philip Warwick only noticed him as wearing "a plain cloth suit which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain and not very clean."

Of his early life we know as little as of



"Cromwell in Whitehall."

From the painting by J. Schrader.



"Cromwell Visiting Milton."

From the picture by David Neal.

Shakspeare's. For a century or more the malignant hatred that tore his dead body from the grave and hanged it at Tyburn, was his only biographer. It vented itself in fantastic descriptions of the regicide's birth, at which the evil one presided in person, leaving the imprint of the satanic figure upon the curtains around the bed.

Apart from such efforts of the imagination, which include a pugilistic encounter between young Oliver and the little Duke of York—afterwards Charles I—and similar marvels, Cromwell's history is practically a blank from his birth on a Huntingdonshire farm to his first election to Parliament, in his thirtieth year. Then for a moment, as it were, his voice is heard in the historic drama of that troubled time. But still there could be no prevision of the part he was to play. In a few months the king dismissed the people's representa-

tives, and Cromwell went back to rural obscurity.

Next we find him resolved to flee from the tyranny which he was destined, later, to crush. The court party was bringing every engine of political and religious persecution to bear upon those who dared oppose it. The jails were full, the stocks in constant use. Yeomen and gentry were making their way to Holland, and thence to America, in search of liberty of life and conscience.

On the morning of the 1st of May, 1637, there occurred one of those little incidents that pass almost unnoticed and unrecorded at the time, but prove afterward to have been the turning points of history. Eight emigrant ships lay in the Thames, ready to sail. On shore was a gathering of pilgrims who had said farewell to their native land and taken passage for a freer one beyond the sea. Oliver Cromwell was one of them ;

his famous cousin, John Hampden, was another. But as they came down to the wharf that morning their way was barred by soldiers. They might not sail. The king had issued a "royal ordinance" forbidding his subjects to leave England. Resistance was useless. Cromwell stayed, and with him, as Macaulay says, stayed the evil genius of the house of Stuart.

The artist who painted Cromwell in the empty chambers of Whitehall, standing thoughtfully before a displaced portrait of the dethroned monarch, might have pictured the same thought more graphically—but perhaps with a too realistic intensity—had he chosen for his theme another episode in the Protector's life, when he looked not upon a painted presentment, but upon Charles' face itself, white and lifeless, and swathed in the habiliments of death. Bowtell, the soldier who stood guard

over the king's body after his execution, told how Cromwell came to take a last look at the corpse. He tried to lift the cover of the coffin with his staff, but could not. Then, according to the guard's story, he took Bowtell's sword and pried up the lid with the hilt, and stood for a long time gazing upon the form within.

Cromwell's association with Milton was more of an episode in the poet's life than in the statesman's. It was Milton's only appearance upon the field of public life, where, as Latin Secretary to the republican government, his lofty genius was harnessed to the polemic prose of official controversies. Uncongenial as the characters of the two may have been, their political friendship remained unbroken to the time when Milton, now totally blind, gave up his governmental post and went back to his beloved poetic labors.



AMBITION.

One fresh spring morning, in a lonely wood
Beside a silver threaded stream I stood,
And watched it fighting onward in its course.
Making its path among the stones by force,
Impatient of the obstacles it met,
Oft thrust aside by rugged boulders set
Within its bed, yet pausing not to stay,
The restless streamlet hastened on its way,
Eager to blend its current with the flow
Of the wide bosomed river down below,
And ever restless and dissatisfied
Till it was lost within that mighty tide.

Grace Irene Chafee.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

The versatile American who built Race Rock Lighthouse and wrote "Colonel Carter of Cartersville"—An engineer and contractor, an artist, an author, and a playwright—An interview illustrative of his career and personality.

By Gilson Willets.

"AND you ask me," remarked Mr. Smith, as he lighted an after dinner cigar, "to sum up what I have accomplished in my life. Well! Nothing really satisfying, except, perhaps, the Race Rock Lighthouse."

We had been making a little journey through his museum, or, to be exact, his New York home in Thirty Fourth Street, and had just reached his studio on the fourth floor, under the skylight

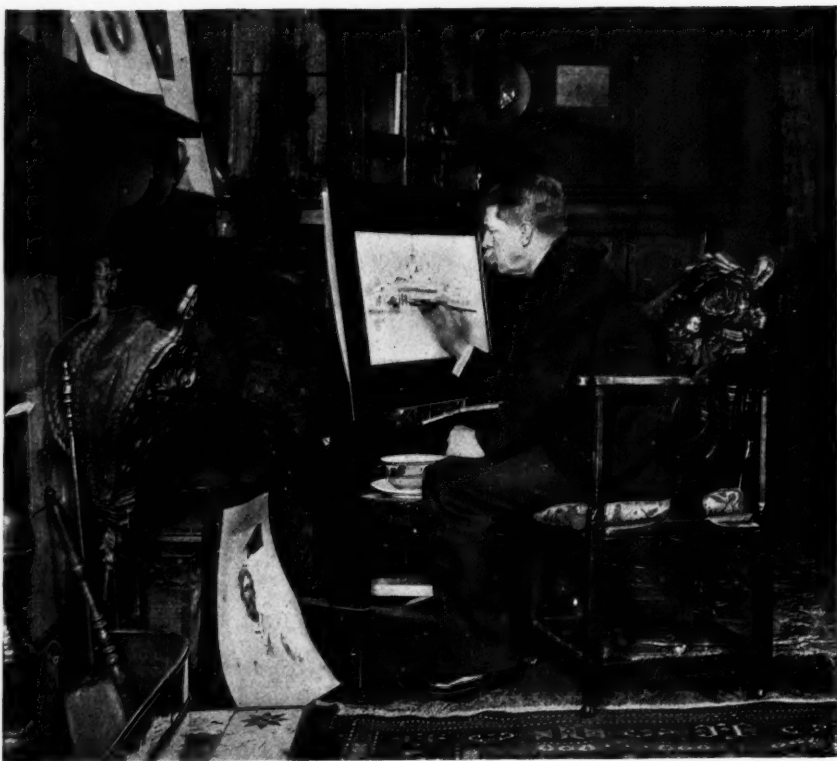
roof. Mr. Smith stood before the fireplace, where a chestnut log crackled gleefully. Tall and broad shouldered, hearty and magnetic, with power and strength lurking beneath the gentleness of a dress suit, seemingly not a moment beyond his fortieth year, yet a man of worldly experience and *savoir faire*, he looked just the sort of man whom men like to know and women to admire.

"That light has burned steadily in



Hopkinson Smith, the Author.

From a photograph by John W. Maczekkne.



Hopkinson Smith, the Artist.

From a photograph by John W. Mackechnie.

New London Harbor for fifteen years," he continued, turning toward the writer. "I take the greatest pride in it; not simply because it was I who built it, understand, for some other fellow would have built it if I hadn't, but because it made such a profound impression upon my after life. It helped me—strengthened me—made me depend more and more upon myself. Yes! It is about the sum total of my life work."

"Why not write a history of its construction?" I suggested.

"Couldn't," he replied, "without appearing egotistical. The plan was my own, and a novel one for me—for I had had no real experience at the time. It was a difficult problem, though. It took six years, and I lived on the rock all the working months, with my men, whom I made my companions. Yes, it was a difficult problem," he sighed,

as if remembering the days of hardship. "And I will tell you what helped me then, what has always helped me most in everything I have undertaken. I call it stickedness of purpose. I make contracts not only with the government, but with myself, and in order to bind myself to these unwritten obligations, I will tell you, confidentially, that I used to resort to the most absurd whims.

"See here!" He snatched a drawing from the wall, placed it on the easel, and sat down upon a low stool before it. "There's a rough sketch I made of Race Rock during its construction," he continued, flinging his cigar into the fire to give full play to his enthusiasm. "Now, each of these big stones forming the foundation weigh not less than ten tons. Well! When we began laying them, the top button of my coat came off, and I said to myself that I wouldn't

have it sewed on till the stones appeared above water. And I kept the contract. Then something else would occur—and I would resolve upon something equally foolish. I would not get my hair cut, for instance, till the course was finished, and as a result I went about with my hair nearly over my collar.

"When storms came," he went on, rising and replacing the drawing on the wall, "and it looked as if a year's work would be swept away in a single night, and neither button nor hair would do any good, I just worried. I always worry when I am absorbed in work which is in danger. Can't help it." He paused, and then, turning and critically eyeing one of his own pictures, which he said had been that day put into the frame, he added: "I worry over my pictures the same way, trying to make them better."

"You have so many pursuits," I said, "one wonders where you found time in the beginning to learn them."

"Why, I never took time to learn them. Bread and butter had to come first. Men cannot live by their art alone—not at first. So engineering and contracting is my business; it always has been. It gives me my bread and butter. Painting, writing, and the other things I simply found waiting like waifs on the doorstep of my life, and I took them in; I couldn't help it. I cultivated them, and made them amount to something, and now they give me my pie and dessert. As an engineer I make my living; as a writer and painter and lecturer I enjoy my living. No, I never had any instruction in art or literature."

The biographical dictionaries inform us that Hopkinson Smith was born in Baltimore, but the story of Colonel Carter declares him a Virginian. "I was born in Baltimore, October 23, 1838," he assented, "but that was an accident, for in Virginia my family had lived for years. I was prepared for Princeton, in a preparatory school in Baltimore; but my father met with reverses, and at sixteen I entered a hardware store as shipping clerk, at fifty dollars a year. I marked and shipped the goods there for two years, and then at eighteen I was

taken as assistant superintendent in a Baltimore iron company, owned by my brother. This position I held for two years more, when the war broke out, breaking up the concern.

"Then my brother's health gave way, and I came north with him to Newburgh, where he purchased a country place, and endeavored to regain his strength. I secured charge of a department in the iron works in Newburgh, of which Homer Ramsdell was then president. Then my brother died, and I came to New York to begin life all over again. I tramped these streets a stranger, day after day, trying in vain to get something to do.

"At last the luck turned all in a minute, and Mr. T. B. Coddington, who had known my family, gave me a position in his iron business on Broad Street. I remember that day. I was just about of age. I went into his place with a heart as heavy as stone; I came out walking on air. I remember standing upon a square flag in the pavement, at the corner of Beaver Street and Exchange Place, and wondering if it could really be that I actually had something to do. That very flag is in that pavement to-day, within a stone's throw of my offices. I often go into Fiske's dining room, Coddington's old store, and sit down at the table over the very spot where my desk used to stand.

"I had been with Mr. Coddington two years when I went into contract work, associating with myself, later, my present partner, Mr. James Symington, who, you know, is also an artist. My first engineering achievement was the building of the stone ice breaker around the lighthouse at Bridgeport. After this came the jetties at the mouth of the Connecticut River, the breakwaters at Block Island and elsewhere, the foundations of various lighthouses, the sea wall around Governor's Island, the foundation of the Statue of Liberty, and the most important work of all my life, the Race Rock Lighthouse of New London. So I have pursued my work as engineer, building one thing after another, always on the sea, down to the present time. Life saving stations? Yes, a number

of them, all along the coast from Maine to Florida. And I have other interests. I am president or director in several corporations, and when I am not superintending work out of town, or abroad, I am at my office in Exchange Place every day from ten to four."

"But how, amid such a busy life," I asked, "did you find time to become an artist?"

"If I had not been first a business man," replied he of many pursuits, "I should never have become an artist. I couldn't have contented myself with painting all my life. The fact is, however, my art career began when I was only fifteen, a boy at school. I would go down to old Mr. Miller's studio in Baltimore and spend Saturdays with him. He taught me to draw—that is, he showed me how to begin to learn to draw, for it takes a thousand years really to learn—and that was all the art tuition I ever received. All through my business career I made time, somehow, to draw and paint. I always insisted upon having August for my vacation, and then I would run up into the White Mountains and paint. I went up there, every summer, for fifteen years.

"Then I began to go abroad—first to Cuba, then to the islands of the Caribbean Sea, and next to Mexico. After that to England, over to Holland, through Switzerland, and back to Spain, painting out of doors all the while. Next I roamed through Italy, then to Constantinople, and at last back to Venice." He always spoke of Venice with peculiar emphasis, seeming to like to dwell upon the name. "In Venice I caught the disease—Venice is a disease, you know—and I am not the only painter who has it. For the last eight or nine years I have spent the two summer months there, working in the open air, doing my best to reproduce its beauty of local color and atmosphere. He who paints Venice paints the most beautiful thing on the face of the earth. Think! Only one new house—there it is—has been built in fifty years." And Mr. Smith pointed it out in the picture on the easel.

"I apply business principles to what-

ever I do," he went on. "The very minute my picture goes into the frame, it is then to me simply an article of merchandise, for which I insist upon receiving the largest market value; just as a farmer, who can afford it, asks the maximum market price for his sheep."

After this the conversation reverted to Venice, and I ventured to ask how he kept himself in touch with his multitudinous business affairs on this side.

"When I am in Venice, they don't forward me any mail whatever, or only a cablegram when the matter is of importance. When I am painting, I do not know what is going on in the world, and I care nothing. I am then simply an artist, and nothing else. And when I am writing it is the same way."

The conversation then drifted to his travels, and he entertained me with fascinating tales of idle days which he has stolen from a busy life. As a traveler, his art upholds him above all nuisances and vexations, and he always brings away the pleasantest impressions, always presents a thing in its most alluring aspect. Whether with brush or pen, he always reflects admiration for the men and women whom he presents. And just when you have set him up in your heart as the ideal of an esthetic life, you are suddenly surprised to learn from some chance remark that he is most actively engaged as the cool and calculating business man of hard figures and stern realities.

Then we made a tour of the world, Mr. Smith acting as guide. That is, we journeyed round his treasure laden studio, while the man of taste, travel, and means pointed out relics, souvenirs, and priceless curios, brought from many lands, relating the circumstances under which they were obtained.

We stumbled upon the faithful "white umbrella" of Mexico fame, now aged, bent, and decrepit, a slave of long and honorable service. Then we reached the book lined corner by the window, where he writes, and I managed to stutter out that inevitable question as to his method and time of work.

His answer came quickly, like a recitation: "Method, a big Six B lead pen-

cil and a big pad of yellow paper. Time, four to six o'clock in the afternoon, and occasionally the two hours following midnight. I write very large and heavy, and when the words necessary to make the proper swing or rhythm will not come, I make dashes representing the length of the missing words, and fill them in when revising. And I never rise from my chair till the work I have laid out is done."

"Are your stories," I asked, "a matter of inspiration?"

"I am inspired in writing stories," he answered, with a comical expression, "just about as much as I am inspired in building a sea wall. The only inspiration I know of is days and nights of that hardest work—thought. The first chapter of the 'Colonel' was written nine times, and corrected in the proofs after that. You see I am a severe self critic. What is the use of writing only to cover space?"

To end the pause that ensued, I could think of nothing better than to ask another stock question—one of those which are supposed always to elicit an interesting reply. "How did you come to write your first book, Mr. Smith?"

"'Well Worn Roads' was the first," he said, hunting the shelves for a copy of it. "It is about time I kept some of my own books around here," he continued, the hunt proving futile. "At any rate," he went on, as he resumed his seat, "'Well Worn Roads' was published, I think, in 1886. It was suggested by a well known publisher, who was reproducing some of my water color drawings, and who asked me to send him any little story or description that might relate to my pictures. Then I wrote my very first sketch, called it 'The Church of San Pablo,' and sent it to him, asking if that was what he wanted, and saying people had suggested all sorts of things.

"He immediately telegraphed back: 'Keep right on. Don't let anybody interfere.' You see, my friends had been advising me to write, some this way, some that way, till I at last discovered

that the only way for me was my own way. And so I stumbled into literature. I cannot do very much, but the little I do is done the very best I know how. My stories are the merest outline of what one may see who keeps his eyes and his ears wide open, and tells the truth. If they possess any merit, it is because of this quality.

"I have no definite plans," he went on, answering a question as to his immediate future. "In the spring we shall begin a lighthouse in the Hudson River, at a point off Sing Sing; then I shall finish my big illustrated 'Venice of Today,' on which I have been at work for over two years. Then I shall bring out my novel on the labor question, and—well, I will tell you one plan I shall surely carry out this summer, and every succeeding summer, very probably, if I live. I will go to Venice. You see, I don't plan much. I do nothing but what I love to do. I don't want to do anything unless I take a whole hearted interest in it. It would only be half done if I did."

I went with him into the rooms on the drawing room floor a few moments before saying good night. Mr. Smith has lived in this house many years. Outside it is merely one of a row of ordinary brown stones, with nothing to distinguish it from its fellows. But inside everything testifies to the originality and versatility of its owner; and everywhere there are the dainty little touches that silently but surely indicate the presence of a wife and mother.

He came with me all the way to the outer door, saying, apropos of something I had said about his being an optimist: "Yes, there is enough reality, enough sadness and melancholy in life without putting it in books and pictures. As a writer, I want to present all the sunshine, all the brightness, all the good there is in human souls; as an artist, I want to paint the sunniest, the most beautiful, the most picturesque, the happiest scenes I can find. I want to be happy myself, and I want to do all I can toward making everybody else happy."

THE DAUGHTER OF FESTUS HANKS.*

By Robert McDonald.

XVII.

"MY father!" Madeline cried. At once her woman's heart, the tenderness with which she had cared for her father since his days of helplessness, made her forget everything in the picture of his being hurt. She turned without a thought as to the strangeness of the news coming to her in this way, and started in a swift flight toward the room where she had left him.

Miss Besant started after her, but Selwyn took one step forward and stopped her.

"You shall not touch her," he said furiously. He was almost choking with rage.

"This is no time for scenes," Bramford said quietly. Madeline was half way down the hall. "Mr. Wessex is dead."

John Selwyn looked at the lawyer as though the words had had no meaning to his ears, or as though they were an old and familiar story.

"We do not know how, but he must have had some blow, some terrible blow, but a moment ago. He was found lying insensible and bleeding across the brass fender before his fire. Miss Besant thinks he was struck, but I am sure they will discover that he fell, that his injuries came from striking the fender."

"That woman did it!" John Selwyn said.

Bramford shook his arm, catching him by the sleeve of his coat.

"Man, do you know what you are saying? What earthly reason would Miss Besant have for injuring Mr. Wessex? Be silent, pray."

Selwyn opened his mouth, and then closed it.

Rose had followed Madeline down the hall and through the door into the library. Mr. Wessex' man, the big, correct Englishman who was his valet, was kneeling by the side of the wide leather couch where Wessex had been placed, and was holding a napkin wrung from the bowl of ice water beside him, to the head of the dead man. Madeline pushed him away and took his

place. Her face was white, and in her eyes was an infinite tenderness.

"Father, are you much hurt? Can you speak to me?" she asked piteously.

"Please, miss, 'e's not conscious," said the big servant softly. "Wait till the doctor comes in."

The tone, the touch of Miss Besant at her elbow, the sight of the rigid face, all sent a chill through the heart of the girl. She had never seen death, but now she felt the shadow of its horror to all living things. It seemed to her that in an instant there had been an upheaval of her world. But a moment ago everything was full of brightness, of joy, of hope.

The servant who had gone for a doctor had rushed in at a house but a step up the avenue, where one of the fashionable physicians lived. He was a specialist who never left his office for patients, but George Wessex was not a man to disregard, whenever the call. He came in now, with the soft, quick, professional step. Gently lifting Madeline out of the way, he took the limp, waxen hand of the man before him.

Looking at the small, thin figure lying there, even the doctor, accustomed to death, to the insignificance of human life, was momentarily shocked at the sight of all that was left of what had been so great a power. He saw in an instant that there was no case here for physicians; that all that remained was to put away from sight of men the petty shell which had held the motive power of some of the greatest organizations of the world. It seemed impossible to believe that it could have been so great a thing to end like this.

Dr. Foster dropped the wrist, so thin, so entirely pulseless, and turned, not to Madeline, but to the strong, calm woman who stood beside her.

"Take Miss Wessex away," he said.

"Oh, doctor, my father—" she began, and then in his face she saw the truth. She turned and fell again upon her knees beside her father's body, putting her bright young head upon the pulseless breast, and

* This story began in the January, 1894, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. Back numbers can be had from the publishers, or from any newsdealer, at ten cents each.

burst into the sobs and tears which belonged to her nature. She had loved him tenderly, and her only remorse was in the thought that she had given her heart to a man he had not known well enough to appreciate. There was nothing morbid in Madeline. Even in the first rush of her grief, she thought of the comfort there was for her in Selwyn's love.

"Come with me, my child," Rose said, tenderly lifting her, her arms about her, and led her away.

As they went out of the door, Bramford and Selwyn passed them. Madeline's face was hidden, and she did not see Selwyn. He made a start toward her, but Bramford held him back, and the two girls passed up the staircase together.

The doctor had turned the body over and was examining the wound in the head with a very serious face.

"Perhaps, gentlemen," he said gravely, "you are able to tell me what this means. What led up to this tragedy? I am afraid this is a case for a coroner's jury."

"No!" Bramford said in a shocked tone. "As you may know, Mr. Wessex had been in a delicate state of health for some time. Miss Besant was in here talking to him today, about some old acquaintances of his boyhood days." Dr. Foster looked at him keenly. "Mr. Wessex and her father were friends. She left him in the best of spirits, when a moment after, as she was on the stairs, she heard a slight noise. She came back, thinking Mr. Wessex had called her name, and found him here, lying across the fender, with the blood coming from the wound in his head. I had just come into the house. Miss Besant ran into the hall, found me there, and together we took him up and put him on the lounge and summoned the servants."

The doctor shook his head gravely.

"He must have had a shock, some mental shock, to have caused him to fall like that. Do you, either of you?"—he was looking at both Bramford and Selwyn—"know of anything that could have been said to him to cause him to have a sudden rush of blood to the head?"

Selwyn opened his mouth as though he were about to speak, and then he closed it again, as he had closed it when Bramford had bade him be silent.

Madeline had gone up stairs under Rose's protecting arm.

"My poor, dear girl, no one can sympathize with you as I can," the soft, caressing voice said. "I know what it is to be fatherless, I have not behind me, as a precious memory,

a father's tenderness and care, as you have. You have that which will be a comfort to you all your life. You know that even his last thought was of you, of your future."

Madeline loved her father devotedly, but she was a woman, and she was human. Through the dull ache of her grief there crept a slender thread of acute pain—the memory that her father had said that he had made his will to keep fortune hunters away from her, and that he had considered Jack a fortune hunter! Jack, who had been down stairs but a moment ago, asking her to run away with him that minute and marry him! He had come straight from her father. What did it all mean? Out of the confusion was coming perplexity, a perplexity which drew her brows together. It was Jack she wanted, Jack she must see, and at once. She dried her eyes, and taking away Rose's hand started to descend.

"My dear, you must stay here. If you want anything, any one, let me go."

"No," Madeline said, "I must see the doctor. There may be hope. I don't know why I left him;" and pushing Rose aside, she started again down the stairs. They had flooded the great house with electricity, and then put it all out again, and had gone about drawing down the blinds. Already there had come in the chill of death, and it seemed alien and out of place in all this luxury and splendor.

They did not hear the footsteps of the young girl on the thick carpet as she came up behind them. She saw Selwyn there, but the doctor and Bramford were with him, and she hesitated.

She heard the doctor say: "Do you know of anything that could have been said to him to cause him to have a sudden rush of blood to the head?" and she was near enough to see Selwyn's face, as Bramford answered: "No!"

"A shock!" What must the interview between Selwyn and her father have been, when he came rushing back in such a state of excitement and begged her to marry him *then*? Could he have known then? No! She would not believe it. She would not. But for all her trust, her disbelief, she turned softly about and went back up the stairs, where she lay upon her bed in a dumb agony. In one short hour, it seemed that everything had been taken from her. It was only when Rose came back into the room, and, passing her cool hand over the young girl's fevered forehead, began again her soft words of sympathy, that Madeline grasped her hand, and burst into relief giving tears.

"You will not leave me? You will stay with me?"

"Madeline," the older woman said, "I will be to you as a sister. Would you like to see Mr. Selwyn after a while?"

The hand went on calmly stroking, stroking. Madeline hesitated.

"No, not now," she choked out.

"Was he here to see you today? I hope, dear, that—I thought I saw him coming from your father's room as I went back to him. Was he there?"

"Yes," Madeline whispered.

Rose sat on the bed and lifted the girl's head against her own bosom. She was full of that magnetism which charms, which draws out, which makes a giving up of secret feelings a luxury. It has been of this human clay with its mysterious power that great lawyers and great confessors in the church have been made. They take charge of the personality of those who are weaker than they.

"My dear," she said—oh, so softly!—"could it have been that he had said something disturbing to your father—inadvertently, of course—and that when he saw the consequences, and knew that I had seen him there, he feared me, that caused him to speak against me to you? Has he any other reason?"

Madeline clung to her.

"I do not know what to do," she sobbed. "Jack did go to papa, and he was going to tell him—about us."

"He must have done it, Madeline."

"And then he came back and said that he wanted me to run away with him—to go to Mrs. Hartley, to marry him *then*!"

"Did he know about the will?"

"Yes," she gasped. "Oh, Jack! Oh, Jack!" and she fell back upon the bed crying in a heartbroken fashion.

"Ah," said Miss Besant.

XVIII.

"I WANT another physician here. See that the family physician is sent for, and we will decide what to do about this," Dr. Foster had said.

Already the rumor of the death of the millionaire had reached the streets. There was a little crowd before the house—men and boys, with now and then a woman among them, all staring idly at the house, as though they expected the thick walls to melt and let them see through into the heart of the tragedy. Already one reporter had rung the bell, breathless with his hurry to get all the particulars for his paper in the

morning. He particularly wanted a picture of the dead man, as that was something which the newspapers had never been able to obtain.

Selwyn and Bramford had gone together into the room where the former had stood begging Madeline to go with him only an hour ago. Selwyn's head was in a whirl. He did not know what to do. It seemed to him that Madeline was contaminated every moment that she remained in the society of that woman, whom he had overheard reviling her to her own father, calling down upon her every ignominy. He felt that the actress was not only a false friend, a perjurer, but a murderess. He felt that it was his duty to denounce her to the world.

But how could he? How could he repeat that he had heard her say that Madeline was nameless? He had tried to take away the girl he loved, to give her his own name, his own tender protection, but he had failed. It was not the cruelty of fate, but the cruel wickedness of this one woman, this woman whose praises he himself had sung to Madeline, this woman whom he himself had introduced into the house.

He did not know what to do. His face was haggard.

Bramford looked at him uneasily. He wanted to ask Selwyn what he had meant by his outcry at Miss Besant, and yet he almost feared the answer. The lawyer moved about nervously, uneasily. Now that Miss Besant had gone, he was at a loss. The weight of the tragedy seemed overwhelming. He walked up and down the floor, and there were lines in his usually self-satisfied face.

"I hope they will not have any nonsense of a coroner's jury. What can a dozen stupid men say, after surgeons like Foster have finished with the case? It would almost kill the poor girl. This is a terrible business." He drew a heavy sigh. "Wessex simply had a fainting spell, or something of that sort, and fell down on the fender; or more likely it was apoplexy. What would a coroner's jury know about it? By the way, do you know, if I were in your place, I would get out of the house. I have sent for the Hartleys, and telegraphed down to Virginia for that old cousin of Miss Wessex who was here last winter. I am afraid it will cause a lot of gossip for you to be here."

"I am going to see Miss Wessex before I go," Selwyn said quietly.

"Oh, very well. Think she will be willing to see you?"

"She is my promised wife. I think she will."

"Selwyn"—a servant had brought brandy in a cut glass decanter, flanked by two bottles of soda in their silver tulips, and Bramford had motioned him out of the room again—"it may be unprofessional to tell you, but we are all together. I have known you a long time. Are you aware that in case you marry Miss Wessex she is disinherited by her father's will?"

"Yes, I know it. What in the world do I care for her money?"

"Now it strikes me that that is a very selfish way of looking at the matter. Do you want to do her such an injustice? Men are easier—oh, you need not look like that. I know it is not a husband Miss Wessex is thinking of marrying, but you, you yourself. That goes without saying. But it is also true, my dear young man, that a young girl's heart is not adamant, and she has been known to be desperately in love with one man one year, and another the next. Is it fair of you to deprive her of all this money? Love is easier to cultivate than millions."

"Your arguments do not fit this case at all," Selwyn said stiffly. "I am not going to deprive Miss Wessex of anything."

He walked over and rang the bell. When a man came he scribbled a line upon a card and sent it up to Madeline. While he was waiting, he walked the floor nervously. He lamented his own lack of invention—of decision. He wished that he knew where to turn for advice in this emergency. Bramford watched him.

The man came back with the card, and Selwyn took it with trembling fingers. "I cannot see you now—M. W." was scribbled across his words.

"Won't she see you?" Bramford asked sympathetically. "My dear boy, you really ought to go. That poor girl is prostrated with grief. She can see no one. Take my advice and go."

And Selwyn went, his heart sore and full of trouble. He left Madeline a prey to nameless things.

Half an hour later Miss Besant came down to Bramford.

"I left Mrs. Hartley with her," the actress said. "She is a good deal quieter. Did Selwyn tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"He must have overheard me talking to—my father!" She said the last words in a calm, sorrowful tone. "He must have heard my words. Perhaps he saw the fall. He heard me tell my father that I could make Madeline nameless—and, forsooth, he rushes in to offer her his own name, to ask her to marry him at once—to elope."

She stood with one hand on the mantelpiece, and one pointed satin shoe upon the fender. "I believe I am growing stupid," she went on. "It takes me longer to think than it used to. I should have been glad to leave Selwyn to Madeline. She will need some comfort by and by; but by the absurd accident of his being in the wrong place at the wrong time, there is nothing left for me to do but to keep him away from her. And by the by, Madeline had told him of the old man's will disinheriting her in case she married him."

She paused a moment as if waiting for Bramford to say something, but he did not. "The will has been lying in on Mr. Wessex's desk," she continued. "Selwyn leaves Madeline this evening to go to her father, to tell him that he wants to marry his daughter. In a few minutes he comes back in a great state of excitement and begs Madeline to elope with him, then—then!" Miss Besant was still looking into the fire. "Mr. Selwyn is very young—and if he heard, he is very short sighted!"

"You—you do not think," Bramford asked, "that Madeline suspects Selwyn?"

"Why shouldn't she? All she can suspect him of, is of exciting her father until he fell over dead. But that is enough. They do not know, of course, that the will is gone."

"Do you want to tell any of this before a coroner's jury?"

"No, I do not. But I want to tell anything, anywhere, more than John Selwyn wants to repeat what he heard me say in that room. No, he will not repeat that. He will wait in fear and trembling for me to say it aloud." She laughed with that peculiar uplifting of her short lip over her teeth. "He will not have long to wait."

"What a woman you are!"

"I am only the result of conditions," Rose Hanks said. "I am my father's daughter. He left me, a baby by my mother's side, and came to make new ties in a new world. But it was a part of himself that he left behind, a newer and younger self, who knew how to conquer difficulties exactly as he knew, and who in the end came to conquer him. Be careful, Mr. Bramford, to make friends instead of enemies of your children."

A vision came to Bramford of what his children might be if this woman were their mother; but it was lost, put away out of sight. The doors which were closing for Madeline seemed opening for him. He put his hand into his breast pocket, and drew out a long, folded piece of paper. For an instant he

held it between Miss Besant's eyes and the firelight. She saw the writing on the back, "The last will and testament of George Wessex," but she did not move.

Closer and closer Bramford held it to the fire, and then suddenly he plunged it between the logs, and together they watched it blaze up, die out, and fly up the chimney in large flakes of white ash.

Then Bramford rose and came toward her, his eyes full of the mad infatuation she had given him for herself. In that minute he forgot his love of money, his every worldly thought. Had this woman so desired he would have given up everything, and gone out with her, anywhere and anyhow—only with her.

She looked at him until he almost touched her, and then she put out her hand.

"Do you think, then, that all of this has been no ordeal for me? That I am a stick or a stone? Surely you will understand that I must be calm, that I must recover myself. Was it nothing to me to see my own father, who ought to have been everything, all to me, die—to see him die through my own violence of speech?" Her voice was thrilling in its sad feeling. "Is this coming ordeal nothing? Spare me. Let me think of other things than enjoying the results of what I have done. I want to think of ways to comfort that poor girl up stairs. I am going to give her part of the money. After all, it was her father's as well as mine."

"I am not so sure," Bramford said, "that the law will not give part to her. She was Wessex' daughter."

The face before him hardened again.

"You must have strange laws in America. If I give to this nameless girl one penny, it will be through my own caprice, my own generosity. Why should she, the daughter of a woman who was no wife, have anything at all?"

A chill went over Bramford. This was a creature of fire and ice, and love her as he might, with the veil taken from her real character, he feared her. But he loved her. To be in the same room with her set his heart bounding.

A servant came in and brought a card for Miss Besant. She looked at it, and a slight expression of annoyance crossed her face, which smoothed itself into calm sadness and dignity as Blake entered the room. Blake was in the most correct of Sunday afternoon costumes, and his demeanor was entirely suited to the solemn occasion.

"I supposed, of course, you would want to return to your own apartment," he said

to Miss Besant, "and I have telegraphed for Miss Lord to return at once."

"But I am not going away at once. Do you think I can leave poor Madeline like that? No!"

Blake looked at her with curious, dark ringed eyes. Evidently he had not taken her advice about the brandy. His cheeks were flushed, and his long hands trembled. Bramford looked at him with something like contempt. He thought that as soon as he could claim Miss Besant he would get rid of this insolent man, who presumed upon the fact that the actress was bound to him by a contract to act his disgusting plays, and attempted to guide her private life and personal affairs.

"You will be at the theater tomorrow night?" the manager asked with uplifted eyebrows.

"Certainly." There was a note of warning in the voice. It said to Blake, "At your peril let this man know that you know my secret."

"I did not know," Blake said recklessly, "how deep your mourning might be. By the way, that is an interesting character whose hostess you are at the hotel. He spent the afternoon in my room, and walked out with me."

"I hope he is being taken care of."

"Oh, yes, yes!" Blake said. "He is being taken care of."

XIX.

MISS BESANT stayed with Madeline until after the funeral was over, until after financiers from all over the country had come, some from their seats in the Senate, some from palaces like the one George Wessex had built, to hear a bishop read the last rites over the broken, pitiful dead body. Whatever lack there may have been in his social position, if there were such, there was none in George Wessex' standing in the financial world.

"It makes me think," said Mrs. Hartley, as she saw the shrewd business men from all corners of the United States, and as she read in the columns of the newspapers that stocks were going up and down, looking this way and that, not knowing whose the firm hand and brain that would guide them. "This gathering makes me think of a lot of jackals about a dead lion. Honor him! They have come to see how much of that poor girl's money they can get!"

Madeline was lost in her grief—grief over the loss of her father, and over a bewilderment concerning Jack: which was worse

than loss. Why did he not come to her and tell her the story of his interview with her father?

The physicians had made out a certificate of death which told nothing, and there had been no detailed accounts written, or spoken so that they came to Madeline's ears. One thing she was told, and that by Miss Besant—that there was no will.

"All the great fortune is yours. You may marry whom you please, and do just what you like."

Madeline winced. "There must be a will," she said. "I saw it. It was lying out on the desk."

"If there was one, it has been destroyed;" and in the unsuspecting, loving heart a new distrust was planted. Rose did not mention Selwyn, but both remembered that he had known of the will and of its one clause against him.

"I wish you could stay with me," Madeline said pitifully. She looked very sweet and beautiful in her black gown. "I feel so alone. Cousin Mary wants me to go down in Virginia, but I am going to stay in New York for a little while. Can you stay with me?"

Rose hesitated. It was her intention to bring the suit almost at once. She had cabled for her mother, and she had made all of the arrangements with Bramford.

"It is not best that I should appear at all," he had said. "I know exactly the men you want; but the case shall be clear and plain when it goes into their hands. I have sent people out to unravel Wessex' life until we bring him to the point where your sailor is the link between the old life and the new. Your mother, too, can identify him from portraits."

"If the case depended upon portraits, and these are all, I am afraid it would fail," she answered, indicating the newspaper cuts, "taken from life." There had come into Rose's treatment of Bramford something of that flippant hardness which was noticeable in her intercourse with Blake; but with Madeline she was the same gentle, womanly creature who had first charmed the unsuspecting girl.

"I must go to my work, my dear child; and I am anxious about other things. Mr. Blake tells me that a man—a sailor, whom I took in and befriended because he had known my father—has some important communications to make to me. I must go back with Miss Lord and take up my old life for a little while. I wish I could leave you happier."

"What am I to do about—Jack?"

She looked up at Rose with a trust that would have overcome any natural woman, and it did influence a part of Rose's nature. There was in her not one woman, but ten. All these women were moved naturally in small things—and in great ones all were guided by the calm brain behind. Madeline's question made her come closer, with a touch full of sympathy.

"How can I tell you? I am more at a loss than you are. Tell me exactly what you think. Do you distrust him?"

"No! No!"

"Then why do you not send for him?"

"Why does he not come?"

"Because"—the words were spoken with gentle sadness—"he knows that you must know the reason of your father's fall. He believes that it came through excitement over that interview, and he thinks you blame him."

"Oh, but I do not! How could he help it? How could he know?"

Miss Besant seemed to be musing. Two or three times she opened her lips to speak, and then closed them again. Madeline watched her face anxiously, noting every change. At last she appeared to make up her mind to speak.

"The will was lying on the table when I was in the room. I saw it there. Afterwards it—was gone!"

She turned her sorrowful black eyes to Madeline's anxious blue ones. "It seems cruel to tell you. But perhaps your father knew Selwyn best. Who else had an interest in destroying the will?"

Madeline's lips were parted, and a little gasping sob came through them. "I will not believe Jack is like that!" But she threw herself down and burst into tears which could find no comfort.

XX.

MISS BESANT went back to her life at the hotel. She had missed one or two performances, and many rehearsals, and the company was somewhat demoralized. She drove from the Wessex house to the theater, and spent a long and exhausting morning in throwing some of her own spirit into her fellow actors and actresses. Then she gave out the parts of the new play, with the most careful directions, and bade them be letter perfect by the end of the week.

Blake picked up one of the parts, and read it—and swore. She had found time, amid all her anxieties, almost to rewrite some of the parts, and to make the most elaborate notes. The play as it stood was a

radically different thing from the conception that had come to him.

It was late afternoon when she reached the hotel, and ordered a simple luncheon in her own parlor. Blake followed her. As she reached the center of the apartment she turned and faced him, and began slowly pulling off the long black gloves which she wore. He flung down the overcoat he had taken off and stood in his usual languid fashion, his hands in his pockets, not even removing his hat.

"Why do you follow me?"

"I want to know what you are going to do. There is some scheme in your brain. I have seen the symptoms too often. It is something, this time, with which you mean that I shall have nothing to do. You have been laying traps, you have been stalking big game. You are up to something. God only knows what you have already done. Now I want to hear the whole story."

"There is no story," she said patiently.

Blake laughed. Men who remembered Blake as a young man, when he came, fired with enthusiasm, into the world of journalistic and artistic London, and imprinted his personality here and there by that white hot interest in life which belongs to youth and genius, would never have recognized that weary laugh.

"What are you going to do, now that that man you believe to be your father is dead? Did you kill him for some purpose of your plot, or was it to study up the character of that murderess you suggested should be the heroine of my next play? *My* next play, indeed!"

"Alfred," Miss Besant said, "I forgive you your words, because you are in no condition to know what you are saying. In these last days that habit of yours has so grown that it is getting beyond your control. Will you go, please? I am tired."

The servant began to spread the cloth. Blake walked away.

"There's a card here for you, miss. The gentleman is down stairs. He has been here for some time, and he said he would wait to see you."

A little frown came into her forehead, but she smoothed it away.

"Let me have my luncheon first, and then I will see him."

She took a tablet from a little flat bag at her side. Then, after she had taken off her heavy hat, and smoothed her hair with weary hands, she sat down before the tea and biscuits which made her frugal luncheon. There was nothing of the sybarite about Rose Hanks.

She opened the little book, and seemed to be mentally checking off its contents. It contained her memoranda of events, classified. As she made over Blake's plays, after they were handed to her, so she seemed to put out her hand and make over events in real life. She traced out life as she traced out the plot of a story, and spared no pains to make her climaxes at the right moment.

She put the tablet down with something like a sigh of relief. There was work before her; but it was work along a road she saw clearly and plainly marked out. She had not noticed where Blake had gone. Her lip curled a little as her vivid imagination saw him again in his own apartment, drinking brandy in that solitary way which had been his ruin. She wondered what would become of him. It had once been so easy to manage him. It had only taken a glance from her eyes, a smile, and there was sunshine in Blake's face.

"My mistakes have not been many," she said to herself, "but their quality has overbalanced their quantity. I wonder—" she looked at Bramford's card, which lay on the cloth beside her—"I wonder—"

People who were troublesome to her had, in ways they hardly recognized themselves, moved out of her way. She was bound by no scruples; she was only looking for the easy, the natural way. "Money will do *anything*!" She threw up her hands and spoke aloud. It was almost like a prayer to Heaven. "Oh, only let me have great wealth, great wealth, and I can do anything! I can defy them all, everything!"

And as she said it there came no smallest thought of that young Festus Hanks, who had planned exactly the same thing; that Festus Hanks who was—where? Into what cold outer world had that machine-like mind and spirit gone? The brain that had planned it all was but a thing hidden away in the earth. But to this, his daughter, he was as nothing; merely one of the pieces removed from the board in the game she was playing.

She sent for Bramford to come up to her, and went forward to meet him with a weariness mixed into her cordiality.

"What have you for me today? Is there anything new? Do you hear anything from your man in the West?"

"Everything," Bramford said. "He has gone back over the trail, as he called it, and the chain has been fitted link by link. It has not been work for a detective, but for a child, a newspaper reporter. Why under the sun it was not done years ago I really do not know. Indeed, very likely it has

been done over and over, and the story has been sold to George Wessex for cash."

"He was too clever for men to dare approach him to extort money from him with such threats," Miss Besant replied. "How long do you suppose my father would have hesitated about ruining a man who had a story like that? Oh, they are only waiting a day or two to get all their tales together. He is dead now, and can fight them no more. They will corroborate our evidence in a thousand ways. There is only a weak, silly girl to fight. It will be child's play."

"And when?"—Bramford came closer to her and took her hand; it was a very white hand, without a ring—"when am I to have my reward? Your father is dead—without a will. There can be no possible impediment now to the successful carrying out of our plans. There is going to be something of a legal fight, but in my opinion the case will be practically compromised as soon as Miss Wessex hears the story."

"Do you think she will offer to give me half of the fortune?"

"Yes, I do. Indeed, I do not understand why you do not go to her—she loves you—and tell her that you are her sister. Tell her the whole story. Say that in your search for your father you have just discovered the fact. She will be only too glad to take you in, to claim you as a sister, to give you half of her fortune, for your companionship, your love, your protection. After all, is not that the wisest thing to do, under the circumstances?"

Again Bramford saw that brilliant red gleam in Rose Hanks' eyes. She stood as she had stood that night when he found her with the will.

"To take me in! Me! Half of the fortune! I mean to have every penny of it! I mean to make that girl the nameless beggar she is. It shall be mine! Mine!"

Bramford looked at her. Her passion frightened him, but it stirred his blood. This creature would rule him, but he wanted to be ruled by her. If he were her husband she would push him ahead into that great world he had always coveted, as she would push herself.

He stood up beside her.

"What is this talk of fortune to me? The thing you asked has come to pass. George Wessex is dead, and there is no will. When will you marry me? When may I have my wife?"

At the end of Miss Besant's parlor there was an embroidered curtain which, as Bramford knew, must cover the doorway

into a sleeping room. It was pushed aside, and Blake, coatless, his black hair straggling over his forehead, an expression of malignant amusement upon his whole thin person, came slouchingly through.

"Your conversation was really becoming so interesting that I could stay away no longer. I was afraid I might miss some of it," he said mockingly.

Bramford started away, his face red and then white. He looked at Miss Besant. Whatever he had thought of her, it had never been this. Unscrupulous—yes! He had admired her audacity, her boldness—but this!

As for the woman, she had not even started, but into her eyes, into her whole figure there came a defiance which was large and calm and shameless.

"And so Miss Besant has offered you herself as a reward for murder and felony!"

Bramford made a step. Miss Besant looked at them with hope in her eyes. It flashed across her mind that if these two men were to kill each other it might be a solution of everything.

"I have not been consulted in the matter, but I suppose there is filed away—by some other lawyer"—there was a world of suggestion in Blake's sneer—"a petition for a divorce from me. Do not look so astonished, Mr. Bramford. In all of her confidences to you, has Mrs. Blake never told you that she has been, for quite a number of years, my own beloved wife? That was a curious oversight upon her part. She has certainly exercised a wife's prerogative of guiding my ways, and into some damned crooked paths she has taken them!"

He paused a moment. "Perhaps you may look back upon your own footprints since you have become acquainted with her, and notice in yourself a tendency to leave what may be called the straight and narrow path. That is the peculiarity about my wife. She cares nothing about the means, so that the end is satisfactory to herself." The brandy in Blake's head had mastered him completely.

"Is this true?" Bramford asked her.

"It is true that I am his wife. He married me—an ignorant child, not understanding what I was doing. Can I live with a creature like that? Any court in the world will free me from him!"

"You mean that you married me—but that is immaterial. I do not believe you ever meant to tell the world that you were married to me. I believe you meant to kill me. Wait a little, and I will kill myself."

"Alfred, be quiet!" she said.

"And you tricked me?" Bramford stopped and laughed. It was almost as unpleasant a sound as that which sometimes came from Blake's lips. "You did not promise to marry me. I remember that. You told me to come to you, under certain circumstances, and ask for what I would. There is a difference between asking and having, but it escaped me at the time. Suppose I tell you that I was tricking you, that for love of you, for the sake of you, I was deceiving you? That there was not one trace of evidence to be found connecting George Wessex with Festus Hanks? That your story is moonshine, as thin as that of the claimants to the English throne?"

"Do not attempt to frighten me in that way. Have I not, here in this house, the one essential witness?"

"May I ask if you are speaking of the seafaring gentleman?" Blake asked politely. "I think you will have some difficulty in finding him upon a minute's notice. He is sailing the high seas at this moment, with enough money in his pocket to keep him in a foreign land for some years. It cost something, but I dislike being dragged into family scandals. It was distasteful to me," the sarcastic voice went on, "to have it told in a court of law, and published all over the world, that my wife's father had deserted her when she was an infant, and that now she was suing for his money. It would look as though I were not able to take care of her."

Miss Besant went over to him and took him by the shoulder. In a less graceful woman the movement would have been rough. Her hand was tense and her face deathly white.

"Is this another of your insane jokes—your tricks—or do you know what you are saying? What do you mean? Where is this man that I put in your care? You knew how important he was to me."

"As I said before, he is at this instant upon the high seas, Mrs. Blake. He did leave a farewell letter for you, which, knowing the light value you sometimes place upon original documents, I have put out of your reach. But I have a copy of it. I have edited the spelling somewhat."

Blake took a slip of paper from his pocket. Rose eagerly grasped it and ran her eye over it.

"Dear miss," it ran, "it wasn't me, but Jim Harsley, that saw Hanks up in the mines. I'd heard him tell the yarn so many times, concerning the bringing over of Hanks, and finding him again after he'd made a strike and named himself over, that

I got it mixed with some of my own yarns. Jim's dead four years ago. Wishing you well, Noah Mitty."

She slapped the paper upon the floor.

"This is a palpable falsehood. Do you think you are going to balk me like this?"

She turned to Bramford, who had never taken his eyes from her face. It seemed to him that it must be but the rehearsal of another play; it was so different from any phase of her character he had seen before. Her brows were drawn down, and her teeth were visible between her lips. Her whole face was coarsened and lowering. The mother of this woman might well have been the girl of the Liverpool docks, the daughter of the ship chandler, the sailors' lodging house keeper.

"Help me in this! What have I done that you should all turn against me? I have given my life to this man. I have given him fame—everything—and you see how he treats me."

She had gone back to the full and musical tone, to a face of sorrow. But it was all acting to Bramford now. She had disgusted him. The sight of the intoxicated horror that Blake had grown to be had given him a shock from which he could not recover. His infatuation ended in that moment of Blake's entrance, and his disgust with himself was deepened as he saw what a dupe he had been. He had helped to ruin himself by helping on the intrigue of one who, after all, was only a vulgar adventuress. He took up his hat and gloves, and walked toward the door.

"It may save you some planning, Mrs. Blake, to know that I have at my office a will made by Mr. Wessex a year ago, in which everything is left to Madeline Wessex, without conditions. That will I shall have filed tomorrow."

"I do not think, Mr. Bramford, that I should employ you as a lawyer," Blake said. "You distribute information about to too many disinterested people."

XXI.

SELWYN had gone about his work like a man in a dream. Although the doors of the great Wessex house were closed, work went on inside just as usual. The business of the world could not stop. The machinery of Mr. Wessex' affairs had been so admirably managed, so systematically put together, that there was a great momentum everywhere. The springs were kept so tightly wound up that the wheels would run a long time without their director.

Selwyn knew that under the present management he would be likely to rise to one of the directorships. It was a business of which he understood every detail. He wondered how the wording of the will would affect him; and then there had come the news that there was no will.

The scrawl upon the card bearing Madeline's initials, on the night of her father's death, had been the last word he had received from her. He thought Miss Besant was still in the house. He tried over and over to write to Madeline. But how could he be sure that his letter would reach her, and in what way could he explain his sudden feeling against Miss Besant—Miss Besant, whom he had thought everything good and lovely, everything beautiful and saintly? Tell the story he never would. He had a glimmering idea that in the death of Wessex it had all ended.

On the morning after Bramford's visit to Miss Besant, Mrs. Hartley came in. She wore her usual look of well kept prosperity.

"How do you do, Jack? I came down to see my husband, and I ran in here for a moment to ask you"—she looked into his face with eyes which read him—"why you have not been up to see Madeline Wessex." She sat down as though preparing for a discussion. "It is either one of two things. You are afraid people will say you are courting a rich girl for her money, and I am ashamed of you if it is that; or you are kept away by that Miss Besant. Now don't say a word to me. That woman is a deceitful cat, and I feel it."

"It isn't either one, Mrs. Hartley. I am waiting for Madeline to send for me. We are engaged to be married, or were, the night her father died. I wrote her a letter asking to see her for an instant, that night. It seemed to me that I might have some word of comfort for her; but she refused to see me."

"Well, I am sure I do not understand it, for she is fretting herself to death. Miss Besant left the house yesterday, and I am sure I was glad to see her go. Madeline should never have such friends. I am going to see what it is all about."

And Mrs. Hartley departed upon her mission, thinking to herself that if Mr. Hartley had had no more courage as a lover than John Selwyn she would have died unwed.

She found Mr. Bramford talking to Madeline in that little room which she had decorated after her own fancy, and which she loved so much.

"Where is your Cousin Molly, Madeline?" she asked. "I am going to run up and see

her, and then, after you and Mr. Bramford finish your business, I am coming in to talk to you. Don't dilly dally, man of the law." And Mrs. Hartley went on.

"I have come to tell you, Miss Wessex, that your father's will has been found," Mr. Bramford said.

Madeline looked up with an expression of joy, such as had not crossed her face since that terrible Sunday evening.

"The will! Where?"

"In your father's desk, among some papers. It was stuck away with a number of letters. It leaves everything to you, with the present board of directors of the bank as trustees, and Mr. Hartley as your guardian. You are to make any charitable gifts you may see fit, or in any way whatsoever dispose of your income."

Two or three times Madeline hesitated, and then she said faintly, "Are there no conditions?"

"None whatever." Bramford said it with pleasure. He had despised himself ever since he had realized the depths to which Rose Hanks had taken him, ever since he had seen the wreck which Blake had become, ever since he had realized the malignant influence of that evil nature. He was glad to get back into the sunshine of honesty, of purity. Manlike, he put upon Miss Besant all his own schemes and ideas. She was the scapegoat which carried off all his sins. Free from her, he forgot that any had antedated her appearance. He had forgotten that he had had a possible vision of being loved by Madeline. He only thought of defeating "that woman."

"There is—before I go—something else I want to say to you. It is something I should properly have said to your father, but I do not think it would have been necessary had he lived. It relates to Miss Besant. A man dislikes much to say anything against a woman, but she is hardly the one to come into your house."

"Rose? She is lovely. You must say nothing against Rose. I want her to come and live with me."

"She can hardly do that. She is married, and has a husband, Mr. Blake."

"What? Married to Mr. Blake?"

"Yes, for at least five years. They have both spoken to me of it. And—has she done nothing to set you against Selwyn?"

Bramford looked at her keenly. He knew where to cut the connection.

Madeline hesitated. "Yes, she has."

"I supposed so. Well, if she has the opportunity, she will say more."

Mr. Bramford flung into his tones a world

of meaning. The jealousy which always slumbers in a human heart like Madeline's took fire. To her, Selwyn was the one man in the world, the one man who might turn any woman's head, and give that woman her hatred. If Miss Besant wanted to keep Selwyn from her, it could be for but one reason. She loved him herself—and she married to Blake, and concealing it!

Every instinct of Madeline's arose in arms. She thought, too, of Rose's insinuations about the will.

"Oh!" the girl said, as though some hidden pain had touched her heart.

She rose and walked across the floor. How unjust she had been to Jack! She would tell him so. She would ask him all about it.

"If I were in your place I would not ask Selwyn anything about her," Bramford said. "She entirely disgusted him, displeased him. She stopped him, and kept him from seeing your father the last night of his life."

"Didn't Jack see papa—that night?"

"No."

"Oh, my poor boy!" she said between her lips, and then she rang the bell. "I want a message taken to the bank at once." She scribbled but one line.

"Come to me at once. MADELINE."

Then she hurried the man away with it. Bramford arose.

"Good by, Miss Wessex. I am going to see that your affairs are smooth, and then I am going to take a run out to California. I am tired out. Good by. If Miss Besant writes to you, it will only be to pain you in

some fashion. If I were you, I would give the letters to Selwyn to open and read first. I wonder if there is a woman on earth in these days who could do that!"

Madeline looked at him brightly. "I think I could," she said, with a happy little laugh.

And then Bramford went down the steps of the great house that he had plotted should be his.

"How can that woman expect anything she builds to stand when her whole foundation is false?" Mr. Bramford moralized to his virtuous contentment. Coming out from under her charm, he treated the thought of her as fallen idols have been treated since the world began—with jeers and contemptuous revilement.

Selwyn sprang up the steps presently, two at a time. When Mrs. Hartley opened Madeline's door, she gave a little cry, and then laughed aloud.

"My ministrations do not seem to be needed," she said.

As Miss Besant put into the fire the note she had received from John Selwyn, inclosing the one she had written to Madeline, she started to throw after it a small India paper tablet which she took from its silver case. Then, changing her mind, she flung the little slip, with a curl of her lip, to Blake.

"There are some notes for a play," she said. "See if you can stay sober long enough to write it. Do not forget that Madeline Wessex is the sweet heroine, who enjoys the eternal prosperity, I am the villain, and you—you are the fool!"

THE END.



BUDS.

THE buds of the springtime are growing
To brighter life on the tree;
But our "buds" of the winter are going
To bloom by the mountain and sea.

We acknowledged the vernal splendor
Of the country, without a demur;
But SHE has no buds as tender
As those we are sending to her.

Harry Romaine,

AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

The new and notable school of music writers that has arisen in America—Paine, Dudley Buck, Foote, MacDowell, De Koven, and a score of others, and their achievements in song, symphony, and cantata, in church music and in opera.

By Rupert Hughes.

THOUGH benign fortune has not yet given America a Beethoven, a Bach, a Schumann, or a Wagner, our musical firmament is by no means wholly dark. It has its brilliant stars that presage the dawning of a day when some sun-like music maker shall brighten the world with the glory of his genius. Perhaps even now he is moaning over his favorite composition returned with a printed note of regret by some publisher whose shelves groan with the cacophonous successes of certain popular writers of the day. Perhaps he is only in the first stages of thorough bass, and declaring with a proud toss of his head that he will not fetter his muse with all the formalities Richter may dictate. Nay, he may be just composing infantile nocturnes in a cradle—nocturnes which his father cannot appreciate, and which the neighbors do not love.

In this article no attempt will be made to rank our living composers in the order of their merit, because in none of the other arts is personal preference so nearly the ultimate standard; and because in no other is there so much bigotry and intolerance, nay, jealousy, as in this tenderest and most universal art of music. Accordingly, the order followed here shall be that of age.

Mr. Krehbiel, the well known critic, says that John Knowles Paine "stands as mentor and exemplar to the eager and talented composers of today as the foremost American composer." Mr. Paine was born at Portland, Maine, in 1839. He was very precocious, as will be judged from his composition of a string quartet at sixteen. After beginning his education in Portland with

Hermann Kotzschmar, he went to Berlin in 1858, where he studied the organ under Haupt and Wieprecht.

Soon after Mr. Paine's return to America in 1861, he was made instructor of music at Harvard, and in 1876 a professorship was created for him. His oratorio, "St. Peter," which was first performed in Portland, Maine, in 1873, is a magnificent composition, and his symphonic poems, "The Tempest," based on Shakspeare's play, and "The Island Fantasy," are contributions of high value to the literature of music. Mr. Paine was fittingly honored by a commission to write the grand march and chorus with which the World's Fair was dedicated.

Church music in America owes an immense debt to Dudley Buck. He was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in the same year as Mr. Paine. His father was a shipping merchant, who took kindly to his son's musical ambitions, and sent him to Leipzig, where he studied at the conservatory. Thence he went to Dresden, where he studied the organ with Schneider, returning as a concert organist to America.

After successfully touring the country, he settled down in Chicago in 1869, but the great fire of 1871 rendered him homeless, and he went to Boston to become organist of Music Hall. But he soon gave up that position and came to New York as assistant conductor to Theodore Thomas. Later he made his home in Brooklyn, where he now teaches.

In the year after the birth of Mr. Paine and Mr. Buck, G. W. Marston was born at Sandwich, Massachusetts. At twenty he went to Portland, Maine, to

study the piano with John W. Tufts. Later his education was perfected in Munich, London, and Florence. While in the Italian city, his setting of the famous poem "Tender and True" was sung at a musical gathering at which Dinah Mulock Craik was present. She was deeply moved, and requested its repetition, saying that of all the many settings her poem had received, Mr. Marston's was the only one that completely satisfied her.

Many others of Mr. Marston's ballads have had large sales, and he has written a variety of piano pieces, numerous anthems, and a sacred dramatic cantata. He now lives in Portland, where he is actively engaged in teaching.

A winner of numerous prizes in musical competitions is W. W. Gilchrist, who was born in Jersey City, in 1846. Though his father was a Canadian, his mother was from New York, and he has lived most of his life in Philadelphia. Mr. Gilchrist's only teacher was Hugh A. Clarke of that city, but his training was thorough enough to enable him to win two prizes for men's part songs in 1877, three prizes in 1880, and, in 1882, the \$1,000 prize of the Cincinnati Musical Festival. It is noteworthy that he is the first composer of importance born out of New England.

Of the very highest value in the annals of American music are the compositions of Arthur Foote, who was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1853. He is of English descent on both sides, but, like Mr. Gilchrist, received his entire musical education in America. Of his studies, Mr. Foote says:

"I played the piano a good deal as a boy, and made a beginning in the study of composition with S. A. Emery, but did not seriously study piano or organ playing till after graduating from Harvard in 1874. I was leader of the Harvard Glee Club for two years while in college. After graduation, I studied the higher branches of composition with Professor Paine." Later, Mr. Foote studied the organ and pianoforte under B. J. Lang at Boston. Since 1876 he has taught the piano in Boston, where he is organist of an important church.

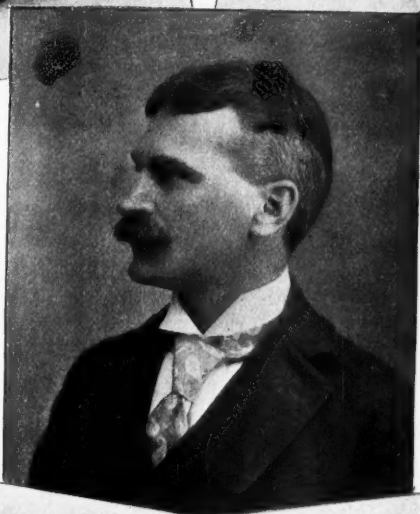
America's slender contributions to orchestral composition have received much increase from the works of that prolific and gifted composer, George M. Chadwick, who was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1854. His first training was under an elder brother, and in his high school days he wrote overtures for a small band. After studying the organ under Eugene Thayer, he went to Leipzig, where he devoted himself to composition and the pianoforte under Jadasohn and Reinecke, receiving a hearing and favorable criticism from the severe audiences of that city. In 1879 he studied in Munich under Rheinberger, returning to America in 1880, and becoming a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory in Boston.

An anomalous position is that occupied by Johann H. Beck, who has won an enviable rank among American composers, though not a note of his music has ever been published. He was born at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1856, but has had the advantage of such teachers as Richter, Paul, Jadassohn, Grill, and Reinecke in composition. He is a graduate of the Leipzig Conservatory.

A well known critic has said that Beck's overture to Byron's "Lara", is the best work of its kind since Schumann's "Manfred." Indeed, critics have not hesitated to use terms of unlimited praise in discussing his compositions, which are not numerous. He resides in Cleveland, where he teaches the violin and the theory of music.

A composer who has, perhaps, received more glory abroad than at home is George Templeton Strong, who was born in New York in 1856, but has spent most of his life in Europe, preferring its heavily charged ozone to the rarefied musical atmosphere of this newer world. He devotes himself chiefly to the large forms of composition, and his two symphonies, "In the Mountains" and "Sintram," are works of real genius.

A writer of some of the most popular songs ever published is Harry Rowe Shelley, author of "The Minstrel Boy" and "Love's Sorrow." He would prefer, however, to be remembered by his more ambitious works, his overtures,



A QUINTET OF AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

John Knowles Paine.

Arthur Foote.

Harry Rowe Shelley.

Dudley Buck.

G. W. Marston.

suites, ballets, and church music. His cantata, "Vexilla Regis," first performed this year, has given him an undeniable right to a high place among American composers. He is now de-



Charles Puerner.

From a photograph by Vellen, New York.

voting himself to orchestral compositions of the larger forms.

He was born at New Haven, Connecticut, in 1858, and commenced his public musical career at the age of eleven, studying under Dr. Stoeckel of Yale, Dudley Buck, Max Vogrich, and Antonin Dvorak. He has never studied abroad, though he has visited the great cathedrals to learn the methods of the famous organists. Mr. Shelley lives in Brooklyn, where he was organist for the late Henry Ward Beecher.

Frank Van der Stucken is remarkable not only for his own work, but for the interest he has aroused throughout the world in American compositions. He

was born in Texas in 1858, of Belgian parents, who returned to Antwerp in 1866. He studied there under Peter Benoit, and later in Leipzig. His recognition as a composer and conductor was greatly hastened by the interest Liszt, Grieg, and other masters took in him.

From many offered posts he chose that of conductor of the male chorus of the Arion Society of New York, and came here in 1884. His trip to Germany and Austria with his chorus, in 1892, won him increased honor. In 1885 he inaugurated his famous series of concerts of American compositions, giving a concert at Paris in 1889, for which the French government created him an "Officier de l'Académie."

To E. A. MacDowell, of Boston, many would give the foremost position among American composers. He was born in New York, in 1861, and after studying under Dr. Leopold Damrosch, entered the Paris Conservatoire, where he attracted great attention. Then Joachim Raff became infatuated with the promising young musician, and took him into his own home for several years, imposing on him herculean tasks in composition.

MacDowell's songs and piano pieces are masterpieces of boldness and originality, while his orchestral works are almost revolutionary. His genius for painting is almost as great as that for music.

A good type of the work of Ethelbert Nevin is his song, "Herbstgefühl," or "Autumn Sadness." It is short, exquisite, impassioned, and daring; and the accompaniment has as much individuality and completeness as the song. His works have had the unusual luck of winning the favor of both critical and popular audiences.

Mr. Nevin was born at Edgeworth, Pennsylvania, in 1862. His first studies were with Forester of Pittsburg. After that he went to Boston, where he studied the piano with B. J. Lang, then to Berlin to work under Klindworth, returning again to Boston, where he studied harmony under MacDowell. After another visit to Berlin and Paris, he settled down as a teacher in Boston. He recent-



Reginald De Koven.

ly left America for Algiers, where he hopes to recover his health, broken down by overwork.

A writer of the same class is Gerrit Smith, the concert organist, of whose book, "Song Vignettes," the *Music Review* says: "Since the publication of Reinecke's fifty children's songs, there has appeared no book from the pen of any one writer, which contains so many real gems of song." Dr. Smith has written many other songs and small piano pieces, which are fully as dainty as his

"Vignettes." He is a native of Maryland, and studied music in this country, at Stuttgart, and at Berlin under Rohde and Haupt.

Two other writers of music of high worth studied under Rohde at about the same time—Arthur Bird and James H. Rogers. Mr. Rogers has written chiefly songs, notably "At Parting," which has enjoyed a wide popularity. His "Album of Five Songs" is more ambitious, and contains a dramatic fire and an impassioned mingling of melody

and recitative that make one regret that such a genius should write so little.

Mr. Bird, who was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, has written orchestral works of a very high order of merit,

Wilson G. Smith, of Cleveland, Ohio, whose "If I but Knew" is nothing short of perfection. Other songs of his are remarkably good, but perhaps his chief work has been his piano pieces, many of which have found place on the programmes of the greatest concert artists. Other works of more ambitious nature are still in manuscript, but thus far he has published some three hundred compositions.

Horatio W. Parker, who was born at Auburndale, Massachusetts, in 1863, has won a leading position among American composers by a number of orchestral works, three concert overtures, a symphony, a prize cantata, "The Dream King and His Love," and several fine songs and anthems.

Detailed mention should be made here of a number of others whose works are conceived in a true musicianly spirit and carried out with scholarship and refined sentiment, but space does not permit more than the mention of the names of such notables as H. H. Huss, S. B. Whitney, Clayton Johns, O. B. Boise, W. H. Neidlinger, C. Whitney Coombs, E. Phelps, F. G. Dossert, John Hyatt Brewer, Jules Jordan, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Miss Fanny Spencer, and P. A. Schnecker.



Woolson Morse.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

notably five symphonies, which have been performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and that of Theodore Thomas.

C. B. Hawley, a native of Connecticut, who has spent most of his life in New York City as a singer and choir director, has written several excellent part songs, some church music, and a few veritable gems of song, such as "My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose," "Bugle Song," and "Good night."

Another contributor to the brilliant record of American ballad writing is

In a list of composers that command attention, it would be blindness to overlook those whose music has moved our risibles. Just as America has not yet produced a Beethoven, so she has not yet found her Offenbach. But, withal, the past few years have given us not a few very charming comic operas from native sources.

The composer of the highly successful "Robber of the Rhine," Charles Puerner, was born at Norfolk, Virginia, in 1849. His father was also a musician,



FIVE OF THE YOUNGER AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

James H. Rogers.

C. B. Hawley.

Horatio W. Parker.

Wilson G. Smith.

Ethelbert Nevin.

and moved to New York in 1850. Mr. Puerner has been writing music since he was thirteen, and is the author of many orchestral works. During a visit to Europe in 1876 he was entertained



William Furst.

From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.

by Liszt at Weimar. Besides "The Robber of the Rhine," he has written "The Trumpeter of New Amsterdam," "The Pyramid," and "The Royal Tramp." He has been musical director at several of the New York theaters, and conductor for Lillian Russell and Marie Tempest.

A very ambitious writer, and a very successful one, is William Furst, who was born in Baltimore, in 1852. He studied there under a former professor of the Leipzig Conservatory, and his first opera was "Electric Light," produced in 1879. Then came "She," the libretto of which was by William Gillette, and which was produced in New York,

at Niblo's, in 1887. His grand opera, "Theodora," was produced the same year in San Francisco, where it had a creditable run of four weeks. Among his later works are "The Isle of Champagne," "Princess Nicotine," and "The Honeymooners."

Gustave Kerker, who wrote "The Pearl of Pekin," and "Venus," was conducting grand opera at sixteen. This was in Louisville, Kentucky. Later he came to New York, and became connected successively with the Thalia, the Bijou Opera House, and the Casino. It was for the Bijou that "The Pearl of Pekin," which ran for five seasons, was written.

Woolson Morse, the composer of those two immensely successful comic operas, "Wang" and "Panjandrum," was born in Boston in 1858. After preparing himself to be a carpet designer, he decided to pursue a higher form of art, and studied with William Hunt, and later with Gerome in Paris. Though musical, he had done little in composition till his return to America in 1878, when he abruptly gave up painting, and wrote a burlesque called "Cinderella at School." This was staged by amateurs at Springfield, Massachusetts, Mr. Morse writing the libretto and the music, painting the scenery, and managing the performance. Augustin Daly became interested in it, and its subsequent production at his theater was a great success.

Returning to Boston, Mr. Morse wrote "Madame Piper," which failed. He rewrote it as "King Cole II," and the company went to pieces. Penniless, but undaunted, he again rewrote it, and after a long period of desperation and discouragement, succeeded in having it produced as "Wang," which has been played about one thousand times. His next opera, "Panjandrum," has been a constant success since May, 1892. Mr. Morse has just finished another opera, "Dr. Syntax," which will be produced next September.

The most popular comic opera ever written by an American, "Robin Hood," was composed by Reginald de Koven, who was born in 1860 at Middletown, Connecticut. At fourteen he entered

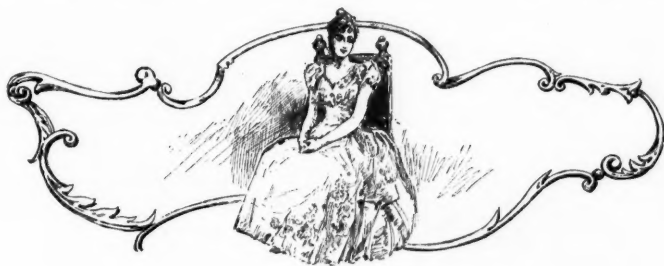
the Stuttgart Conservatory. After an intermission of academic study, he returned to music and studied with Huff, Genée, and others. His first work, "Cupid, Hymen & Co.," was never produced, but "The Begum" made a decided success. In Vienna he wrote "Don Quixote," whose cold reception was lost sight of in the welcome accorded to "Robin Hood."

"The Knickerbockers" was a failure, but "The Fencing Master" and "The Algerian" have retrieved it. In 1891 "Robin Hood" was played in London, being the first opera by an American composer ever produced in England. It is still being played there. In 1890

Mr. de Koven went to Paris, and was studying under Delibes at the time of that composer's death.

The list would be incomplete without the addition of Edgar Stillman Kelley, whose "Puritania," Pauline Hall's success, won encomiums from the most severe critics for its scholarly music and graceful art; Willard Spencer, whose tuneful "Little Tycoon" has had a remarkably long life; and T. Pearsall Thorne and Henry Waller, the composers of "The Maid of Plymouth" and "The Ogallallas."

Taking everything into consideration, American music has a magnificent future and a not inglorious present.



A TRUE LOVE SONG.

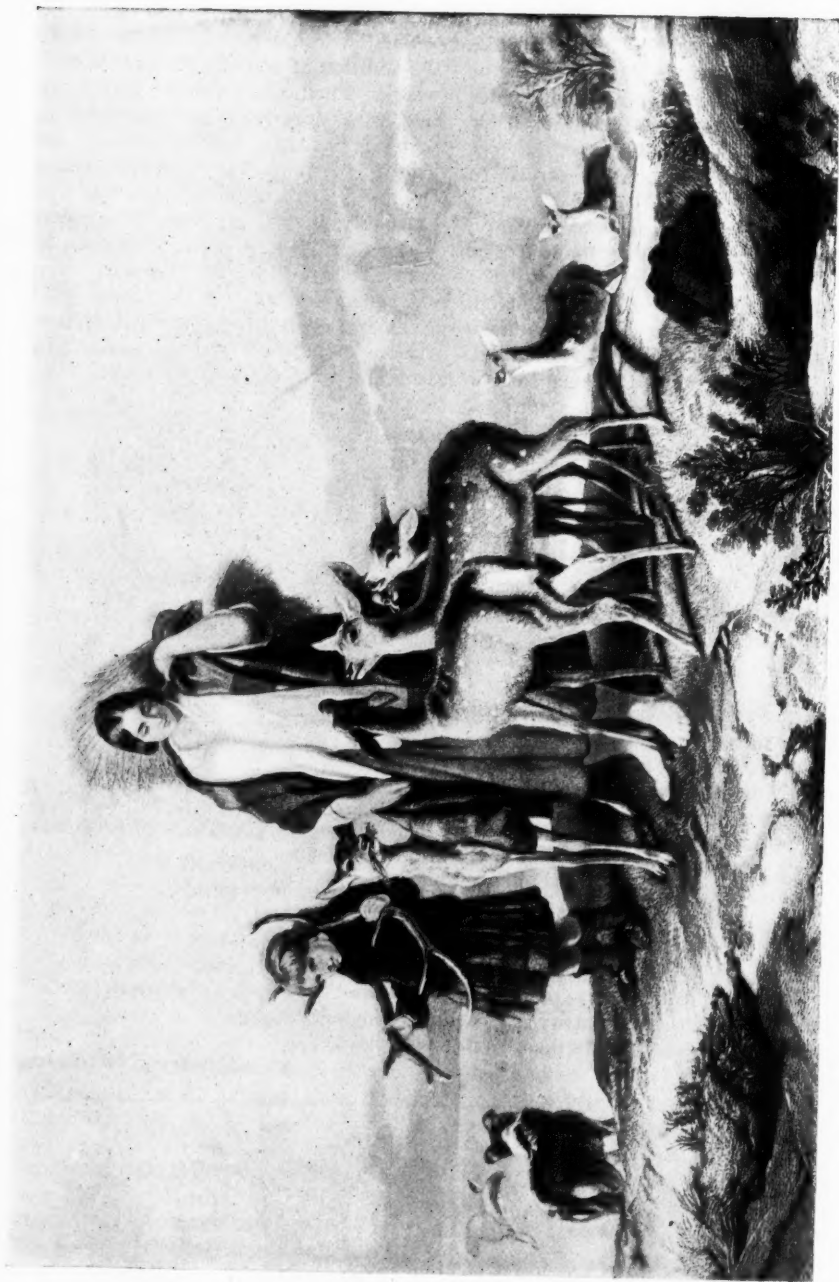
LIKE dew on the sweet blush roses,
And soft as the dawn of day,
Is the look my love discloses
When she would not say me nay.

If the song of her own true lover
Could tell what her smile will do,
You'd sing it the wide world over,
Till true love smiled on you.

True lovers would hear you singing
On every sea and shore;
And my song would go ringing, ringing,
In their hearts forevermore.

Theodore C. Williams.





"The Forester's Family."
From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.

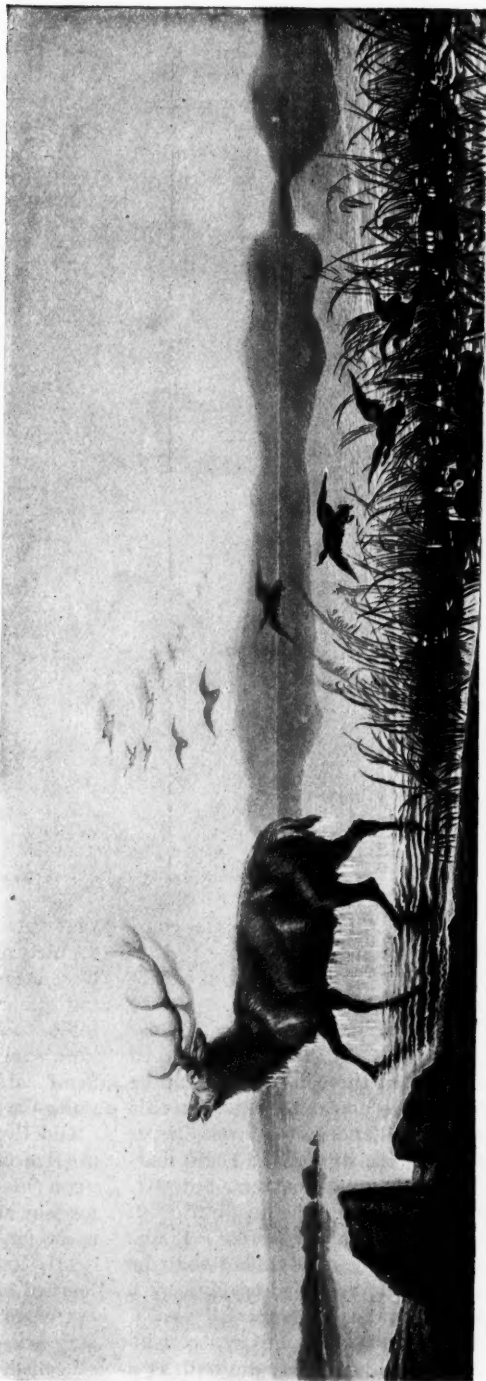
LANDSEER AND HIS ANIMALS.

The famous English artist's love of animal life, and his precocious and extraordinary genius for portraying it—Incidents of his career, and engravings of some of his finest pictures.

By John Gordon Waring.

HEREDITY is a strange and interesting element of life. Edwin Landseer's grandfather was a London jeweler, the friend of artists, learned in engraving. His son, John Landseer, brought up among these people, whose tradition it was that all great artists, from Holbein to Hogarth, were designers of jewelry and engravers of plate, became an artist engraver, and one of the most noted lecturers and writers upon that art. His book entitled "Lectures upon the Art of Engraving" is still a standard text book, although it was brought out in 1807.

In the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, known as "The Gleaners," may be seen a picture of Miss Potts standing with a sheaf of corn in her hand. Miss Potts, shortly after sitting for this picture, married John Landseer, and became the mother of Edwin in 1802. It seemed as though the child were born with an instinctive knowledge of much that it takes ordinary artists, even men of genius, years of drudgery to learn.



"The Sanctuary."
From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.

His artistic education was begun by himself, and joyously encouraged by his father, when he was so small a child that he could hardly hold a pencil.

Drawings are preserved which show that at five young Landseer not only drew well, but had thoroughly studied—if we can call so instinctive a knowl-

he had exhibited pictures for two years. He was a small, graceful boy with curling hair and a sweet manner. After this his record was one of triumph, with here and there a failure, which was speedily covered up by another success.

In 1824 he went to the Highlands with Leslie, and made the acquaintance of



"Hafed, a Famous Deerhound."

From a drawing by Sir Edwin Landseer.

edge the result of study—animal character and humor.

When he was fourteen he first exhibited at the Royal Academy. Up to this time Edwin had been instructed by his father only. In 1816 he was taken to Haydon, but there is doubt that he ever received any real benefit from this instruction. Landseer himself never thought so. He studied the Elgin marbles, and the great masters, but Mr. Ruskin summed up the inspiration of Landseer's art in a few words: "It was not by the study of Raphael that he attained his eminent success, but by a healthy love of Scotch terriers."

It was in 1818 that he was considered old enough to be admitted as a student at the Royal Academy, although

that country whose animal life he was to picture so graphically. So various have been Landseer's portraits of sporting subjects, wild cattle, fish, deer, and birds, that people fancied he must be a keen sportsman himself; but Sir Walter Scott said that Landseer only carried a gun as a key to his sketch book.

Old Ewan Cameron, the forest keeper at Glencoe, who accompanied Landseer upon his annual hunting expeditions for four and twenty years, had small respect for him as a sportsman, although dearly loving him as a man. Landseer learned to speak Gaelic in those northern years, but could never learn that a stag was driven up to be shot, instead of sketched. Once Ewan said they had chased a stag for hours, and finally



"The Sick Monkey."

From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.

brought him, panting, to bay right in Sir Edwin's vicinity.

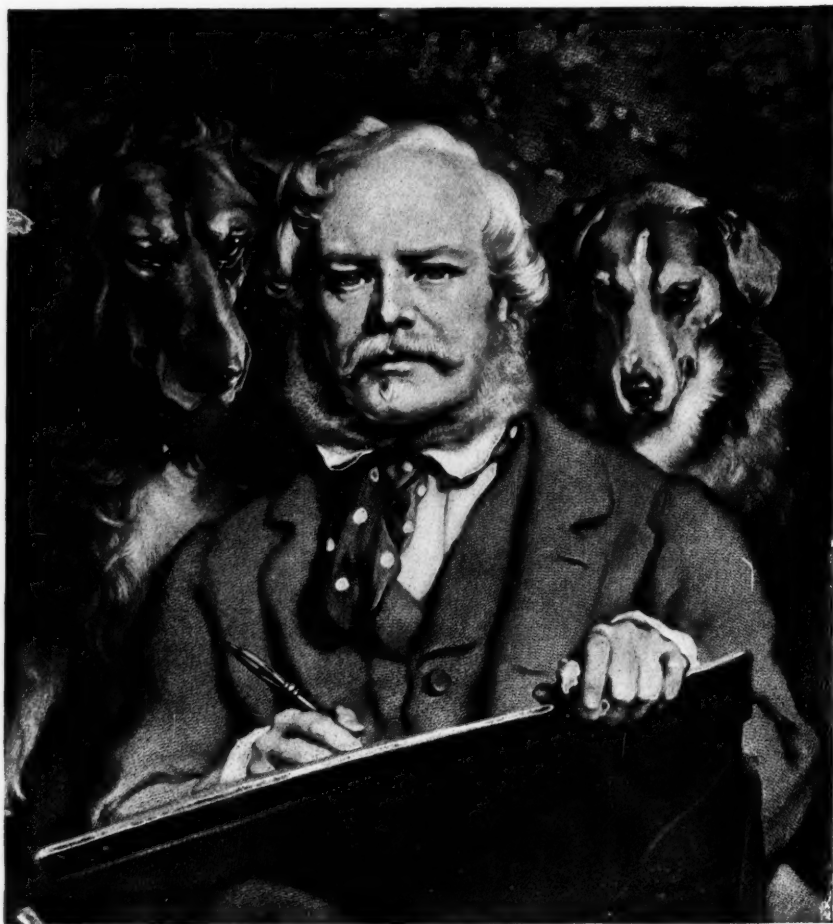
"And there he sat all the time, markin' a board," said the old man contemptuously.

"The Sanctuary," one of the artist's best known pictures, was painted up here. It shows the refuge of a long hunted stag on an island of Loch Maree, and illustrates the verses :

See, where the startled wild fowl screaming
rise
And seek in marshaled flight those goldenskies;
There whilst he sobs, his panting heart to
rest,
Nor hound nor hunter shall his lair molest.

The picture is owned by Queen Victoria, and at the exposition in Paris in 1853 it won Landseer a gold medal.

Landseer's marvelous rapidity of execution was one of the wonders of his



"The Connoisseurs" (Landseer and His Dogs.)

From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.

day. Some of his masterpieces were the work of a few hours. He sent one canvas to a London exhibition which he labeled "painted in three quarters of an hour." One of his pictures of a dog running out of a thicket with a wounded rabbit in his mouth was painted in two hours. The figures are in full light, and every hair is indicated. Nor are these compositions examples of what is known as "tricks in paint." They are rather the result of well directed labor instead of long drudgery.

"The Cavalier's Pets"—two dogs lying on a table by a plumed hat—was painted to order for Mr. Vernon. The

commission was a very old one. One day Vernon met Landseer and reminded him that he had long promised him the picture. Two days later it was delivered, finished. It is a triumph of brush work.

By "dragging" the brush Landseer could imitate feathers and hair with perfect fidelity and great rapidity. His was a clear and brilliant intelligence, which seemed absolutely to control his hands in execution. His wonderful control of his physical powers was the subject of discussion by physiologists even in that early day of their science.

Mr. Scolomon Hart, a Royal Acade-



"The Prize Calf."

From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.

mician, and a man remarkable for acute observation, told many stories of this quality in Landseer. One evening a group of ladies and gentlemen at an evening party stood about his corner, where he was, as usual, receiving honor as the lion of the evening. There was some talk of the division of mind by which two things could be done at once.

"I can do that," Landseer said. "It is nothing. Lend me two pencils."

The pencils were brought, and without hesitation he rapidly drew with one hand the head of an antlered stag, and with the other the head of a spirited horse. They were done simultaneously, and were equally good.

The expressions which Landseer was able to put into the faces, the whole movement, of his animals, is the inimitable element of his work. In his picture of "The Connoisseurs," for in-

stance, the two dogs looking over the master's shoulder express the gentleman in their whole bearing.

Landseer was well advanced in years when he made his first essay as a sculptor. His most famous works in this field are the huge lions that guard the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square. There have been many opinions expressed concerning these lions. Their poses are monumental, but their treatment has been said to be too realistic.

Landseer differs entirely and utterly from an artist like Rosa Bonheur. The Frenchwoman paints an animal as an animal, pure and simple. Almost always Landseer insinuates some suggestion of human emotion.

In 1850, Landseer was made a knight. His talent and his delightful personality had long before put him in contact with the best that London had to offer in the way of social life. His paintings brought him a handsome fortune, and for fifty years he lived in one house, entertaining the generations as they came along, from Scott to Dickens, and even the younger men, down to the time of his death in 1873.



'My Horse.'

From the drawing by Sir Edwin Landseer



"Waiting for the Countess."

From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.



"Dignity and Impudence."

From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.

He was a quiet man, with a keen, sharp, prompt wit, and the appearance of a "squire" rather than an artist. Sydney Smith was one of his friends, and it is told as one of the witty parson's *bon mots* that when Landseer asked to paint his portrait, he said: "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

Dickens tells this story, and it is more than likely that it originated in the novelist's own fertile brain.

Landseer declined the presidency of

the Royal Academy, having received all the honors which could be given a British artist.

His work owes much of his popularity to the engraver's art. It seems as if John Landseer were rewarded for his services to that art, by its magnifying the works of his son. Some of Edwin Landseer's canvases have been reproduced on steel, copper, and wood more widely than almost any other paintings. It is not to be wondered at, for their appeal is to all humanity.



HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

The author of "The Dancing Girl" and "The Middleman"—How he lives and works, and how he made his way to the front rank of contemporary playwrights.

By J. Angus Hamilton.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES, the English dramatist of contemporary prominence as the author of that wonderfully weird work, "The Tempter," takes well nigh the foremost position in the ranks of England's distinguished playwrights.

It may be said to have been by accident that he adopted his profession. His father, Mr. Silvanus Jones, was a Buckinghamshire farmer of the class that is frequently termed "the backbone

of the English race." He was not an apostle of the advantage of much learning, but nevertheless in the grammar school of Winslow, a town near his native village of Granborough, Jones *filis* received a good education.

At the somewhat youthful age of thirteen, he was sent into the world to carve out his own fortune, and became connected with a commercial firm in Bradford. With them he remained five years, but even at so early an age he

never ceased to occupy his entire leisure with attempts at literary composition. Essays, tales, poems, and effusions of all sorts were evolved from his young brain in rapid succession, and forwarded to the editors of various magazines and periodicals, meeting one and all an unfortunate fate.

In 1870, when Mr. Jones was eighteen—he was born December 20, 1851—while on a business visit to the British metropolis, he first saw the interior of a theater. It was the Haymarket, during Miss Bateman's production of "*Leah*," with Messrs. Compton and Kendal in an afterpiece entitled "*His First Champagne*." This first visit to a London theater really marks the starting point of the dramatist's career. Henceforward his spare time was devoted to the study of the play and its methods of procedure. Frequently he would witness the same piece several times, in order to analyze its structure without having his attention diverted by its incidents. Strangely enough, it was at the Haymarket, some twenty two years later, that Henry Arthur Jones' most successful play, "*The Dancing Girl*," was produced.

Anxious to emancipate himself from the slavery of commercial life, prospects of failure restrained him. Nine years of unsuccessful effort elapsed ere his foot was planted on the first rungs of that ladder which was subsequently to lead to his wished for goal. Play after play was written, but as yet no tangible results were obtained from his patient and persistent attempts. The managers remained as obdurate as the publishers.

A few months after his first visit to the playhouse, the striving author began the opening chapters of a three volume story. Three years later it was finished, and a preserved note shows its rejection by a well known firm of publishers—who added, as a possible solace, their opinion that it was a "passable third rate novel"!

After sixteen years of intermittent trials, however, his patience received its reward. Mr. Rousby, the manager of the Exeter Theater, accepted a one act play, and produced it there on December

11, 1878. "*Only Around The Corner*" did not secure for its author immediate recognition as a dramatist, or bring him any special notoriety. But the mere fact of its presentation was a foretaste of success, which was soon followed by a more substantial one.

This first play was recently presented by Mr. Frohman at the Lyceum Theater in New York under the title of "*The Organist*." The reception accorded it here, and the amount of favorable criticism it aroused, would in those early days have been peculiarly gratifying and encouraging to the author.

In the summer of 1879 a comedietta, called "*A Clerical Error*," which had been fruitlessly submitted to every one of the London theatrical managers, was forwarded to Wilson Barrett, then managing the Grand Theater at Leeds. Within a week of its dispatch, Mr. Jones received a letter from Mr. Barrett, saying that the play was accepted, and that it would be produced in London at the Court Theater during the ensuing season. Mr. Barrett's judgment was fully indorsed by the playgoing public. "*A Clerical Error*" ran for a considerable time, and has experienced several revivals. After the success of this piece the author was sure of receiving consideration at the hands of any manager, and only a short while passed before Henry Arthur Jones perceived the realization of his dream, and abandoned business forever.

Three years later, after a comparative failure with "*His Wife*," Mr. Jones made his first great hit with "*The Silver King*." This, with Wilson Barrett in the leading rôle, ran continuously for over twelve months. It is interesting to note that the plot and main features of the "passable third rate novel" were incorporated in "*The Silver King*," the result being a first rate melodrama.

In 1884 Mr. Jones attempted a fresh departure in play writing. Tired of the conventionality of melodrama, he resolved to make a play in which mere situation and mechanical ingenuity should hold a subservient place. On the 25th of September, in that year, "*Saints and Sinners*" was brought out.

It provoked, at the outset, a great deal of adverse criticism. The propriety of religious themes being treated on the stage was questioned in many quarters; however, the piece ultimately became a success and ran for over two hundred nights. It was the *première* of a series of plays illustrative of modern English life, with which its author's name has since become closely identified.

After the launching of this play, which does not propound the modern theory that every saint has a past, and every sinner has a future, Henry Arthur Jones reverted to what he tersely calls the "dull devil of spectacular melodrama," and up to December, 1888, "Hoodman Blind," "A Noble Vagabond," "Lord Harry," "Heart of Hearts," and "Hard Hit" were the chief contributions of his versatile pen to dramatic art.

In 1889, recognizing that melodrama was not his true *métier*, he deserted it for good, and presented to the public gaze "The Middleman." Produced at the Shaftesbury Theater, with Mr. Willard in the chief character, it became an instantaneous success, and closed with a record of two hundred and fifty nights. It was succeeded in May, 1890, by "Judah," a play of still more daring originality and emphatic psychological interest.

In January, 1891, Mr. Beerbohm Tree first filled the part of the cynical, dissipated, dare devil *Duke of Guisebury* in the Haymarket production of "The Dancing Girl." This showed itself in many ways the most popular of all Mr. Jones' plays, and crowded the Haymarket Theater for more than a year.

During the following year London's theatrical world was startled by the announcement that Henry Arthur Jones, the playwright, was to be transformed into Henry Arthur Jones, the manager. The author manager rented the Avenue Theater and opened with "The Crusaders." The bitter discussions and dissensions that the whole proceeding aroused are better passed over; albeit, his adventure proved a moderate success, the piece being finally withdrawn after a hundred nights.

"Saints and Sinners," "The Middle-

man," "Judah," "Wealth," and "The Dancing Girl" all belong to the same category. "The Middleman" was intended to portray the desperate struggle between capital and labor; "Judah," the keen conflict that science wages against spiritualism; and "The Dancing Girl," the startling contrast between the old Puritanic views of life, and the easy going, good humored, cynical, and careless aspect in which existence is regarded by a large section of high class society.

"The Middleman," "Judah," and "Wealth" have not only a national reputation, but a continental one also, translations having been played in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Germany, and Holland—a distinction which of all English dramatists A. W. Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones share severely alone.

Unlike most writers, Mr. Jones has no fixed system for time, style, and place in constructing a play. He conceives the idea of a plot, adds to it, and elaborates it in his mind, till the relation and contrast of the various personages are thoroughly determined. The character becomes distinct and individualized, and all the whims and caprices are pondered upon, till in place of Mr. Jones' mental processes are a group of living people, silently awaiting their reproduction on paper.

Ofttimes six months are permitted to elapse in the hatching of some plot; but during that time no note or idea is ever written down. Once started, it is generally completed in three months. The first act is invariably the longest, and the last the shortest, in point of time. To Mr. Jones the "comedy scenes" are the most tiresome, needing sometimes to be rewritten and repolished laboriously; but the strong or pathetic scenes are sent at so high a speed that his writing becomes wholly illegible.

Mr. Jones' working hours are customarily in the evening, from six to ten, or early in the morning, but no fixed period is rigorously observed. "The Dancing Girl" was begun at five o'clock one Sunday morning, during a summer passed at Eastbourne. In the mornings Mr. Jones hunts, or rides in Hyde Park,

where every "bobby" knows him, and receives a friendly nod, as the equestrian disappears like a flash in the distance—for Mr. Jones goes at breakneck speed. Many trophies of the chase adorn his smoking room, where foxes' brushes and stags' heads peer pathetically through the blue tinted, smoky atmosphere.

He has no particular rule for the selection of his titles. A few alternative ones are chosen, and these carefully considered until something suitable is hit upon. It is his aim to evolve one as distinctive and attractive as possible. Indeed, he sometimes writes the play to the title, as was the case with "The Middleman."

He had decided on "The Middleman" as a leading character in a play. His natural antithesis lay in the person of the actual producer, and Mr. Jones intended making him a workingman in the employ of the "Middleman." The catalogue of the Kensington Invention Exhibition was exhausted, and nothing had turned up, when a timely suggestion from Mrs. Jones came to the rescue. She had interested herself in the manufacture of Sèvres china, and deeming it picturesque and effective, proposed it.

Cyrus Blenkarn became a potter, and made a fortune for his author.

A singular coincidence is attached to the cognomen of "The Dancing Girl." The play's name was already selected when Mr. Jones began reading the work to Mr. Beerbohm Tree, without mentioning its title. The first act was scarcely through when Tree remarked:

"I have not the remotest idea what you intend christening this, but I think 'The Dancing Girl' or 'The Absentee' would suit it down to the ground. The former is the better of the two." And the former it already was.

Mr. Jones' plays are not all written in London; change of scene and people is essential to him, and a run abroad or down to some country village is of constant occurrence. "Hoodman Blind," "A Noble Vagabond," "The Lord Harry," "Heart of Hearts," and "Hard Hit" were all planned and written at Hill House, Chalfont St. Peters, where for a long time Henry

Arthur Jones lived the Englishman's ideal life of a country gentleman. "The Middleman" was mapped out at Weston-Super-Mare, "Judah" at Westgate, and "The Dancing Girl" sprang into existence at Eastbourne.

Mr. Jones lives in a corner residence overlooking London's spacious Regent's Park. Townsend House is an ideal home for a dramatist. An air of art seems to pervade the whole place and its surroundings. It was formerly the home of Alma Tadema, the artist, and reminiscences of this painter's brush are everywhere noticeable. It is his studio that Mr. Jones has made his study. A large and lofty room, it is preëminently adapted for the work of an author; windows on three sides shedding an abundance of light. A quartet of marble pillars, purchased in Italy by the dramatist, support a Pompeian ceiling, adorned with mythological scenes and figures, the work of Alma Tadema's brush. The walls are hung with tapestry; the floor is of polished oak, and around the room is a series of original engravings by Albert Dürer, illustrating the Apocalyptic vision of dragons, "mystic and wonderful."

A large bookcase occupies a prominent position along one side of the study. Unextensive, but good, are its contents. Ruskin and Matthew Arnold fill two shelves; copies of the scientific and philosophical treatises of Huxley, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, and the greatest modern propounder of realism, Ibsen, share two more, while works of all the standard English poets, dramatists, and humorists, are thoroughly represented.

The room is furnished with artistic Chippendale furniture. Mr. Jones' horror of shams and veneer, in every shape, extends to his surroundings, and every article about the place bears evidence as to the sincerity and genuineness of its originators. A beautiful cabinet recalls the opening scene of "The Crusaders," while near at hand stands an antique desk, where, seated in a tapestry covered, high backed, old fashioned arm chair, he pens the dialogue that peoples the stage with living creations.

The three reception rooms, which lead out of one another, are quite a surprise of color. One of them is floored with ebony, inlaid with narrow lines of ivory. The walls of the music room are covered with gold, originally designed to serve as a background to Alma Tadema's pictures. On the staircase wall is hung a complete set of framed playbills and programs, from the first production at the Theater Royal, Exeter, in 1878, to "Judah," "The Dancing Girl," and last but not least, "The Tempter."

Two of these are of special interest—the production of "A Clerical Error" at the Court Theater in 1879, when Mr. Jones and Miss Winifred Emery made

their first bow to a London audience; and the initial performance of "Elopement" at the Theater Royal, Belfast, on August 16, 1880, when Mr. E. S. Willard appeared as *Phil Raikes* and Miss Emily Waters, now his wife, took the part of *Maggie*.

"Our Jones," as he is termed by the "gallery gods" on a first night, has ceased "writing plays to order," and is at present engaged on a work that is said to be as startling in its conception as anything that has ever been produced. What manager will bring it out is at present only conjecture, but it is prophesied by many to whom the secret has been imparted that it will prove a wonderful success.



AFTER THE PLAY.

THE door is closed upon thy face—
Alas! The evening's over;
And as my steps I homeward trace
I know for four short hours my place
Has been, dear one, in clover.

How simply sweet you were! What grand
Ambitions, feelings, filled me!
And when you touched me with your hand
Perhaps you did not understand
Just how, my love, you thrilled me.

You thrilled me, dear, and yet I feel
So hopeless now, so saddened,
Discouraged, down at mouth and heel,
And dismal shadows o'er me steal;
No more can I be gladdened.

For with myself I'm all at rout;
My confidence is shaken
Because I came away in doubt,
And left you, dearest one, without
That kiss I might have taken.

Tom Masson.

DERRINGFORTH.

By Frank A. Munsey,

Author of "A Tragedy of Errors," "On the Field of Honor," etc.

LXVI.

A RAY of divine light came into Marion's eyes as she read these lines. They were not new to her, but beautiful as they were, she had never until now understood the depth of their meaning. She read them over and over. They were from Phil's own lips. He was with her, and, looking into her eyes, spoke from his very soul. Rarely has a wave of happiness so illumined a woman's face. The restraint of her will was overthrown for the moment, and the pent up passion of her heart swept on as a mountain torrent.

She pressed the booklet to her lips, and talked to it as if it were a thing of life. In each line of the monogram, and the design encircling it, she saw Phil's thought for her. *There* was tenderness, sympathy, delicacy, love. And the fact, too, that he had gone to the expense of sending a special messenger, so that this remembrance should arrive on Christmas day—all this meant so much to her. This hour with him—this hour of forgetfulness of all but him, this hour of abandon, of unrestrained joy—flooded her soul with the brightness of heaven.

"Oh, if it could only last," she sobbed. "If all the cruel past were to prove but a dream! But no. This little book says no. These walls, this park, this isolated life, all say no. Was it right in him, was it kind in him to fan again into flame the stifled embers of my love? Was it right?" she repeated, an expression of despair dulling the eyes that but a few moments before shone with ecstatic light.

"Oh, the sweetness of this torture!" she cried, again pressing the little volume to her lips with the almost hysteric

passion of the young mother clasping to her breast her dying babe.

"No, it was not wrong," she faltered. "Phil was not wrong, but oh, how cruel the reaction will be—how cruel it already begins to be. And yet if it were a thousand times harder to bear, I would rather bear it than not to have known the happiness of this hour—than not to know of Phil's thought for me. I can endure the gloom of my life with a braver heart, knowing what I now know. I did not expect this from him; I have not understood him until now. Oh, that I had; the bitter despair it would have saved me! To feel myself forgotten by him as I did—to feel that he never gave me a thought—did not know or care what had become of me—was the keenest torture of all. How I shall prize this tiny messenger from him! It was all he could do—perhaps more than he should have done; but if he has sinned against Dorothy, God will surely forgive him."

Upon this point Derringforth himself had taken much thought. He viewed it from every side—viewed it not in a narrow, conventional sense, but from a broad standpoint.

"It is not a question of technical sentimentality," he reasoned, "but one of the higher right. If it be wrong, it would be less of a wrong to Dorothy than a cruelty to Marion to forget she lives at this holiday time. I cannot ask Dorothy to join me in sending her a remembrance. I would not hazard the chance of disturbing her happiness by even the suggestion. Neither can I allow this opportunity to pass without at least making the effort to cast a ray of brightness into Marion's isolated life. I cannot and will not forbear doing

some little thing that will make her feel she is not forgotten by me—that the old days when our two lives were as one are still fresh in my memory. This little volume, bearing such assurance, will mean a good deal to her. I know it will. I wish for her sake, poor girl, it were not so."

But this thoughtfulness for Marion was not at Dorothy's expense. The ruling motive of Derringforth's life is well disclosed in his own words. "I would not hazard the chance of disturbing her happiness by even the suggestion."

Unlike Burton Edwards, his attentions had not flagged in the intervening months since his marriage. Indeed, to do something—some little thing, perhaps—to make each day bright for Dorothy, had become the habit of his life. She had given her happiness into his keeping. He accepted the responsibility with a finer appreciation of all it meant than was shown by Burton Edwards—than is shown by most men, though they be far more in love with their wives than Derringforth was with Dorothy.

There was between them a delightful companionship, lacking which any union, however fervid the sentiment, is bound to be a disappointment. But beyond this solid foundation—this right foundation for the superstructure of a life partnership—there was a degree of love on Dorothy's part that was veritable worship. In her eyes Derringforth was perfect—a strong, manly man, and yet with the fine fiber of a girl. With him she was divinely happy. Her life was a perpetual summer—a rounded out perfection.

In such an atmosphere—hand in hand with such a companion—a wife so young, so sweet, so devoted—Derringforth could not fail to feel the fires of love within his own breast burn ever brighter and brighter. As time went on, and each grew to know the other better, to lean confidently, confidently upon the other, their two natures blended into oneness. And the perfection, the complete rounding out of this oneness—the oneness of the family—the

God touch—was given with the birth of their child.

LXVII.

LITTLE Marjorie had just begun to be interesting. The long baby gowns had been displaced by the short frock. She was a mightily important personage in the Derringforth household. In the eyes of papa and mama she was indeed a wonder, and in her own bright eyes she was beginning to regard herself somewhat in this same light.

She had reached that eventful age when she could manage a well defined smile with marvelous effectiveness. And with what delight this smile was hailed by Derringforth and Dorothy! They had just spent half an hour in play with her, and reluctantly resigned her to the care of the nurse for the night. What a source of happiness she was to them! How big the place she filled in their world, and how bright she made it! She had attuned the sweetest and tenderest chords of their natures to harmony. The atmosphere of the family in its perfection pervaded their home—that atmosphere which the childless couple never knows.

When dinner was over they went to the library, where they usually spent their evenings. It was a cozy, cheerful room, prettily decorated, and well stocked with books. A big, broad, leathered covered, soft looking lounge, with great easy chairs to match, and a couple of tempting rockers, suggested rest and comfort. The furnishings throughout showed taste and a generous purse. In one corner of the room was a life size bronze, and in another was a unique writing desk. It was a present to Dorothy. Derringforth had had it made from a conception of his own, and at an extravagant cost. But it delighted Dorothy, and he was amply repaid for the outlay.

"I am glad we don't have to go out tonight," remarked Dorothy, bending over the library table and burying her face in a bunch of American Beauties. "How sweet!" she exclaimed. "You are the dearest boy to do so much for my happiness."

Derringforth had stopped in front of the grate, from which a soft wood fire sent a cheerful glow into the room.

"I am glad, too, that we are not going out, though I had planned to give you a jolly evening," returned Derringforth; "but I couldn't bring it about just right. I wonder if you have thought?" and he paused an instant.

"That we were married just a year and a half ago today," said Dorothy. "Yes, a woman always thinks of such things."

"And sometimes men," answered Derringforth.

Dorothy had joined him by the fire. He turned to her as he spoke, and taking her hand in his, slipped a marquise ring on her finger.

"Phil!" she exclaimed, her eyes dancing. "Oh, isn't it sweet, isn't it lovely—the very thing I wanted so much!"

"Sometimes men do think," he repeated, enfolding her in his arms. She looked up into his face with tears of delight in her eyes. He kissed her fondly, saying, "This repays me a thousand times."

"I don't know how to thank you, Phil," murmured Dorothy, her head bent upon his breast.

"You don't need to put it into words. You have already thanked me eloquently with the delight that came into your face."

There was a moment's silence, and then Dorothy said, "I am so glad we didn't go out. I shouldn't have been half so happy. There is no place like our own dear home. You make it so bright for me—so sweet, so lovely, and how little I am able to do for you in return!"

"You do everything for me, dear. You have given me your life, your love—you are the mother of our child—the most devoted little wife in the world. What more could I expect? Why shouldn't I do everything to make you happy? I wish I had the genius to do more."

The rain dashed against the windows, and the cold November wind shrieked madly.

"Oh, what a wild night," exclaimed Dorothy.

Derringforth felt her frail frame shudder. She involuntarily stretched her hands out over the fire, as if to warm them.

"You are not cold, dear?" he said, stepping across the room to the thermometer. "Seventy two—about what I thought."

"It is the wind. How horribly shrill it sounds! It seems to blow right through me."

The light fell upon Dorothy's hands in a way that exaggerated their whiteness. Derringforth was startled at their pallor. He looked up quickly. Her face had a better color.

"This is the sweetest marquise I have ever seen," she said, bending over and examining it by the firelight. Then she stepped to the lamp to get a stronger light upon it. Derringforth went with her. That extreme pallor had vanished from her hands. He was puzzled.

"It was some trick of the lights and shadows," he reflected. "I shouldn't have allowed it to disturb me. It is silly to think about it."

"You have forgotten your cigar, Phil," said Dorothy. "What in the world does it mean?"

"Upon my soul I hadn't thought of it," laughed Derringforth. It was a forced laugh. That one instant had edged his anxiety.

"Let me fix you a light," said Dorothy, taking a bit of note paper from her desk and winding it into a well shaped taper. Then she lighted it from the fire. "Now, isn't this better than a ready made match?" she asked, applying the blaze to his cigar.

"A hundred times better," answered Derringforth. "You made it, that is why. This is a new brand. How do you like the flavor?" he went on, removing the cigar from his mouth, after a few vigorous puffs, and regarding it with interest.

"I was just going to ask about it. I noticed the difference in a minute—not so strong, is it?"

"No, not quite—a mighty well put together weed, though. By the way, I

almost forgot—excuse me a minute and I'll bring them."

He was gone almost before the sentence was finished, and at the end of the minute returned with a bundle of papers—*Fliegende Blätter*, *Paris Illustré*, the London *Graphic*, and half a dozen other picture papers.

"*Fliegende Blätter* is particularly good this week," he said, pushing a large, comfortable chair up to the table for Dorothy. And then he took a seat on the arm beside her, and together they looked over the pictures, spending a pleasant half hour.

"I rather like this cigar," said Derringforth. "I believe I'll try another to make sure of the taste."

Dorothy laughed at his excuse, saying, "I must earn something to pay for all this excessive waste." And she began busying herself with a bit of fancy work, while Derringforth lay back in his chair and puffed lazily at his cigar.

The storm increased in force, and whenever the wind shrieked fiercest he fancied he could see Dorothy shudder. She had not fully regained her accustomed vigor since the birth of little Marjorie. But never until tonight had he seen any cause for a moment's serious anxiety.

"And this cause tonight was a mere trick of the lights and shadows," he murmured.

But trick or otherwise, it had its effect on his mind. He tried to forget it. But that was not so easily done. He watched Dorothy as she worked, and his mind ran back to the year before, when her cheeks were rosy and round. The contrast was very great. He moved uneasily in his chair. The flavor of his cigar lost its sweetness.

"I don't like to see her affected so by the mere sound of the wind," he reflected. "If she were perfectly well, I don't believe it would disturb her so. This is all foolishness, I suppose," he went on, "but it is no easy matter to get rid of a thought of this kind, when for any reason, however trivial, it flashes into one's brain."

"I believe it is surely growing cold here, Phil," said Dorothy.

"I will put on some more wood," answered Derringforth. "Possibly the temperature is a trifle low."

He worked away at the fire until it burned briskly enough for a winter night. Then he looked at the thermometer. The mercury stood practically as before—barely a shade lower.

"How is it?" asked Dorothy, looking up as if expecting her impression to be verified.

"You are right," answered Derringforth. "The temperature has dropped—the wind must work through the windows. I shall have to have them looked over."

"I thought I couldn't be mistaken," said Dorothy, a smile accompanying her words.

Derringforth saw that it pleased her to find she was right. He had drawn the truth exceeding fine in indulging her in her fancy, and he was very glad he had not been unnecessarily accurate. "Little things mean so much to her," he said to himself—"the little bits of things."

His thoughts were interrupted by a sound that sent the cold chills scurrying over him. It was the slightest bit of a cough. He turned quickly to Dorothy, veiling his anxiety. "I am afraid you have taken cold," he said, fetching her a shawl.

"I don't think so. It is this bleak, cold wind—the very sound of it makes me shudder."

The sentence ended with another cough. It was so slight that ordinarily Derringforth would not have given it a thought; but now, with his sensibilities on a keen edge, it troubled him. He was not in the habit of worrying, but this was one of the times when he could not avoid it. He wanted to ask Dorothy about the cough, but he hesitated, fearing to disturb her.

"It may be that she has had it some time, and I have not noticed it," he told himself. "I dare say I should not have thought anything about it now, but for this trick of the firelight. In itself it is nothing—really nothing. For aught I know I may have quite as much cough myself."

But this reasoning did not allay his anxiety. His sleep was troubled. In the morning he went to Dorothy's physician and related his fears.

"I don't think you have the slightest cause for alarm," said the doctor. "The fact is you became startled, and then saw her through unnatural eyes. Why, haven't I seen her every week?"

"Yes, and so have I seen her every morning and every night," answered Derringforth. "If I had not been with her every day my eyes might have been opened before this."

"Nonsense, man. You must be ill yourself—let me see your tongue. You are the one that requires a physician's advice most, I fancy. Talk about being blind, why, if your eyes have been closed, so have mine."

"There isn't much to be gained from discussion," said Derringforth in his decisive way. "I wish you would see Dorothy this forenoon and then telephone me when I can see you. I will come up at any time."

"Very well," answered the doctor, adding, as Derringforth got up to go, "don't let yourself worry any more. I assure you there is no occasion for it."

This advice was not so easily followed. It failed to quiet Derringforth's anxiety. He did little business during the forenoon. At one o'clock the looked for summons came. He hurried up town. There was a gravity in the doctor's expression that made Derringforth's heart sink.

"You have seen Dorothy?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," answered the physician softly. "I made a very careful examination of her case. I wish I could tell you that your fears are groundless—that I was right in the opinion I expressed this morning. But I cannot. I found unmistakable evidences of pulmonary affection. I have seen nothing in her appearance hitherto to lead me to suspect such a trouble. She has had no cough. There have appeared none of the usual signs that foreshadow this disease. Your fears led me to investigate along another line. I was astounded to find

that you were right. But the disease has made little headway. Now that we know what it is, I think we shall be able to combat it successfully."

LXVIII.

"WHY, Phil, what has brought you home so early?" exclaimed Dorothy.

"I had to come up town, and it was so late I thought I wouldn't go back to the office," answered Derringforth, assuming all the carelessness he could command.

"I'm so glad you didn't. I wish you would steal more hours away from business."

"Do you know I have been thinking it wouldn't be a bad plan to sandwich in a little more leisure?" returned Derringforth.

"Why not do it?"

"It is not easily done, especially right in sight of my office."

"Oh, but you can manage it," said Dorothy persuasively.

"Possibly, but I have never yet made much of a success at it."

"You did beautifully the summer you were down home so long."

"I was a prisoner then, you know, and besides I was a couple of hundred miles away from my office. It isn't such a knack to loaf when a good big distance is between a man and his business. I fancy I could do it to perfection."

"Do let us go somewhere, then—anywhere you please—if it will only keep you from work," urged Dorothy.

"Do you mean that?" asked Derringforth quickly.

"Certainly I do."

"I begin to feel that I do need a rest; but to be honest—real honest with you—I don't believe I could bring myself to the point of going. The market is very active just now."

"There is something in this world besides making money," returned Dorothy, adding, "Now I am not going to allow you to back out."

"But I really didn't promise."

"But you will, now won't you?"

"You are not serious," protested

Derringforth. "You wouldn't give up all these comforts for the sake of enforcing a rest upon me. And then there is Marjorie."

"Indeed I would. What are a few comforts to me compared to your health? And besides, money will buy comforts wherever we are."

"But how about Marjorie?"

"We can take her anywhere. Why not?"

"You shouldn't tempt me too much," said Derringforth in mock protest. "I might surprise you by saying yes."

"Why not surprise me now—this very minute?"

"Where should we go?" queried Derringforth.

"Where would you like to go?" asked Dorothy.

"I don't know. I haven't thought—almost anywhere, I suppose, where it is warm and sunny."

"Wouldn't it be delightful to get away from this cold winter?"

"It would indeed—say southern California, or down in Georgia, among the pines, where the air is sweet with balsam. I have always wanted to go there."

"So have I," answered Dorothy with increasing interest. "It must be very healthy. Oh, that reminds me—Dr. Barrows was here this morning."

"Was he?" returned Derringforth carelessly. "Marjorie isn't sick?"

"No; he said he was going by, and dropped in to see how we all were."

"That was very good of him, I am sure. Doctors are not usually so thoughtful. Barrows is a very decent fellow—a rather jolly man."

"Yes; he was awfully nice. He asked why I didn't get back my red cheeks—said he thought it was about time. It was a regular friendly call, but before he went he said he wanted to make sure how I am getting along, and so he took my temperature, listened to my heart, examined my lungs, and all that."

"I fancy it will be charged up in the bill," said Derringforth, aiming to disarm suspicion further.

"No; I don't believe it will. It wasn't a bit like a professional visit."

"Did he think you are getting back your strength as fast as he expected?"

"He didn't say, but seemed satisfied. But you are purposely getting away from the real question. I know you and your way of getting out of things."

"Afternoon teas, for instance," laughed Derringforth.

"Well, yes, but just now the point is, shall we go away?"

"To Georgia?"

"Yes, if you like."

"Here is my hand on it," said Derringforth.

Dorothy grasped it eagerly. How white and thin hers looked in his own!

"I am so glad," she said, fairly trembling with delight. "But I can hardly realize it."

"You may rely upon it, though. But there is one condition, and that is that we make quick work of getting away. You know when I make up my mind to do a thing I want to do it in a hurry. This is Wednesday. We can easily start by Saturday, I should think."

"Perhaps not easily, but we can get away. We could go tomorrow, as to that matter," answered Dorothy.

LXIX.

THE Derringforths had been at Thomasville a little more than six weeks. The new year had already dawned. The air was soft and balmy. The balsam of the pines gave it a delicious sweetness. Dorothy had gained steadily, as she saw herself, and yet she was not well; she was far from well. Just how this ratio of improvement could have been maintained for so many weeks without restoring her to her old time vigor is one of those problems that the normal mind cannot answer, but one to which the victim of tuberculosis has almost invariably found a satisfactory solution.

But as Derringforth saw her Dorothy had undoubtedly lost ground since leaving home, and yet this failure from week to week had been so subtly interposed with improvement that even he was deceived as to the real gravity of her case. The slight cough, first noted

on that night, mentioned in a previous chapter, had had an insidious growth. It was now master, and yet neither Dorothy nor Derrington recognized its mastery.

Perhaps the assurance of Dr. Barrows went far towards blinding Derrington's eyes, and this assurance was ably supplemented by the words of the Thomasville physician—a man of wide experience in the treatment of tuberculosis. Dorothy was not the only sufferer from the dread disease who came before Derrington's notice. There were hundreds of others, it seemed to him, who had come to that sunny region chasing the phantom of health. Each week brought its fresh quota of victims; each week ended the futile fight of some brave soul.

Many had spent their accumulated savings to reach this land where the atmosphere was laden with the balsam of life. Some had come through the charity of friends; others had been brought on the soft couches of wealth. As Derrington looked upon these his heart was stirred to pity. "Poor souls," he murmured, with an ominous shake of the head. But in Dorothy's case he saw through the mist of hope.

At length he became impatient at the slow progress of her recovery, and one day, acting on the impulse of the moment, stepped into the telegraph office and summoned Dr. Barrows from New York, requesting that he bring with him a skilled specialist in pulmonary affections.

When the message had been flashed over the wires, Derrington returned home to Dorothy. She lay on the couch. A smile of content came into her eyes as he entered. It was a summer-like day, with the temperature well up in the eighties, and yet she required the warmth of an afghan to make her comfortable.

Derrington drew up a chair, and bending over her told her softly what he had just done. A look of startled inquiry flashed to her face. It was a struggle for Derrington to maintain his composure.

"I don't believe Dr. Madigan understands you," he hastened to say, and, reaching over, took her hand within his

own. In that warm, firm grasp there was reassurance for Dorothy. The expression of alarm gave place to confidence.

"I am glad Dr. Barrows is coming," she said, "though my cough is so much better that I really think we should not feel dissatisfied with Dr. Madigan."

"Yes, I know your cough is better, but I do not think you are gaining nearly so fast from his treatment as you should."

"You know you are always impatient, Phil," returned Dorothy.

"I dare say, but I want so much to see you well again. In this case I have good cause for impatience, don't you think so?"

"It will only be a little while," she answered, dropping her eyes, then quickly raising them to his, and adding hastily, "you know I am improving every day, and now that my cough is better I shall soon be my old self again."

That expression as her eyes dropped went straight to Derrington's heart. Nerve himself as best he could, he felt his hands tremble as they clasped hers.

"But it will do you no harm to have Dr. Barrows come," he returned. "He always cheers you up, you know. I wish I had sent for him before. I should have done so, but Madigan has said right along that it often takes one a few weeks to get accustomed to the air, and that frequently the real benefits from the change are not apparent for some time."

"Ah, here is Marjorie," cried Dorothy eagerly. "Bring her here, Catherine," and she sat up and took her child in her arms. "You dear baby," she went on, kissing her rapturously, "mama treats you very badly to see so little of you."

"But mama gives baby more of her strength than she ought, now," said Derrington. "You are getting to be a big girl for mama to hold;" and to Dorothy he added, "Let me take her; you will be completely tired out."

The mother yielded up her child reluctantly, but the little strength she had expended in these few happy minutes had been far too great a tax on

her, and she lay back upon the pillow with a look of exhaustion.

LXX.

DR. BARROWS and his learned confrere had come and gone. Derringforth was in dense gloom. They had stripped his eyes of their illusion, and bade him see the inevitable.

"My God, must this be?" he cried from the depths of despair. "My wife, so young, so much to live for—the mother of our child. Oh, no, it cannot be, it shall not be!" And with the will of a strong, brave man he cried to death, "Stand back!" and placed himself between it and Dorothy.

"They say nothing can be done but to make her as comfortable as possible," he murmured. "I will not believe it; I will not stand idly by and see her life go from her, poor child. She is all courage. Her heart is as brave as a man's. If these doctors can do no more, she shall still be saved—saved by the power of will—by her will and by mine. We will throw their miserable drugs to the dogs," he cried bitterly, "and relying on God's help, and our own unfaltering hearts, we will fight back death."

And true to his words, he bent his whole soul to this end. Never before had the full strength of this man, the entire reserve force of his nature, been aroused from its furthest depths. Hiding from Dorothy the cruel words of the doctors, he took her in his arms as if snatching her from the claws of the grim conqueror, and in this embrace he sought to impart from himself—from his own superabundant health—new life to her enfeebled frame.

And Dorothy responded to this soul infusion in a way that filled Derringforth's heart with renewed hope.

"You *are* gaining now, little girl, in a way that makes me happy," he told her, believing what he said, and saying what he did to stimulate her courage further.

"I am sure I am," returned Dorothy with a smile, "and if I had only leaned on you before instead of these doctors I should have been well long ago."

Derringforth watched over her tenderly, and waited on her day and night with untiring devotion—with a steadfastness of purpose in which his whole soul was centered. For a time, it seemed, he lifted her up by the very force of his will, infusing buoyancy and vigor into her wasted tissues. Her cough almost disappeared. The nights afforded her better rest. She was cheerful and hopeful, and talked of the future with the confidence of one in the perfection of health. Her plans for little Marjorie were gone into in detail. Derringforth said he would get a steam yacht for the summer, and they talked animatedly of the pleasures this would afford them.

But with this buoyancy of spirit there yet remained the stern fact that all the while her face became sharper, her hands more and more transparent.

"If I only had a better appetite," she said one day, "I would be all right now. Of course," she went on, "I can't gain strength very fast without eating, and there seems to be nothing down here that I relish. Sometimes I wish we were at home, but I suppose it is so cold in New York."

And yet Derringforth had drawn from the markets of the world to tempt her palate.

"When your mother comes she will prepare something for you that you will like," he said, adding, "she will be here tomorrow, you know."

"I shall be so glad to see her and papa," murmured Dorothy. "I wonder if mama can fix me something that will taste as it used to. How I would like to be as hungry as I was as a child in our old home."

"That same old appetite will come, dear," said Derringforth, "when we get on our yacht. There is no tonic like sea air."

Dorothy looked up with a sigh that seemed to cry to Derringforth, "Oh, but that is so far away!"

LXXI.

THE sweet perfume of flowers was borne in through the open windows, on

the soft April air. Dorothy lay where she could look up into the blue sky. The music of the birds fell upon her ears, and she could hear the merry prattle of children at their play. She had got up at the usual hour, but her strength was now so far spent that she was soon forced to lie down again. Derringforth had just gone over to the hotel on an errand. Dorothy and her mother were alone. Presently her father came in with Marjorie in his arms.

"Bring baby here, papa," said Dorothy faintly, and she clasped her child to her bosom, her father still holding the little one.

Mrs. Rayburn turned away to hide the tears.

"I wish I could keep you with me, baby," said Dorothy in so low a tone that her words were scarcely audible, "but mama is so tired this morning," and she kissed the chubby little hands,

and then her eyes closed as if from utter exhaustion.

A few minutes later Derringforth returned. Dorothy knew the step. It was music to her ears. Her eyes opened, and a smile such as he had never seen before lighted up her face. "I am so glad you have come," she whispered.

It was a moment that tested his powers to the uttermost to keep from breaking down before her.

"These are your favorites," he said tenderly, holding up a cluster of choice roses he had brought with him, and then placing them where she could inhale their sweetness. The word "lovely" hovered faintly on her lips, and she grasped his hand with sudden tightness and looked up at him. He bent his face to hers and kissed her. A light of contentment, of peace and happiness, came into her eyes. The vital spark had ceased to burn.

(To be continued.)

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Oh, shy, sweet kisses with which earth greets spring,
 This morn thy dewy blossoms brought to me
 Bright hopes and memories fair, as dreamily
 In April woods I heard the robins sing
 And caught the swift flash of the blue bird's wing.
 From 'mongst the withered leaves the south wind free
 Bore fragrance faint, coy messages from thee;
 The glow of dawn illumined everything.
 Tonight in tears those hopes so fair are drowned;
 Darkness and storm have conquered spring once more,
 Upon the pane I hear the cold rain beat;
 But, as I listen to its dreary sound,
 This thought my heart sings to me o'er and o'er—
 "In dark and storm arbutus still is sweet."

Marion Pruyn.



LORD ROSEBERY.

The successor of the "Grand Old Man" in the headship of the British government—A peer in the prime of life, rich, and of proved powers of leadership—His character and career, and the difficulties of his present position.

By John Chartres.

TO Lord Rosebery the highest political success has come early. The average age at which his seven predecessors first assumed the British premiership was over sixty. The average age of Mr. Gladstone's last cabinet was fifty six. Lord Rosebery is barely forty seven.

His rise to the most exalted position open to him in the state has been extraordinarily rapid. Fourteen years ago he had not held public office of any kind. In 1881 he became Under Secretary for the Home Department in Mr. Gladstone's second administration, and on his resignation in 1883 had already earned a considerable reputation for hard work, and for the faculty of mastering the details of a subject with complete ease. In 1885 he was admitted to the cabinet as Lord Privy Seal and First Commissioner of Works—posts which he held for only a few months, Mr. Gladstone retiring in June. Then, on the return of the Liberal party to power in January, 1886, Lord Rosebery was made Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

His tenure of this important post, though lasting only half a year, and marked by at least one serious mistake, proved on the whole a conspicuous success. Foreign policy has never been a strong point with modern Liberal governments in England. "If," Prince Bismarck is reputed to have said in reference to Mr. Gladstone's management of foreign relations, "I had brought as much mischief on my country as Gladstone has on his, I should have shot myself long ago." This is an extreme way of putting it, but there can be no doubt that the Liberals have a better record at

home than abroad. Lord Rosebery, however, proved an ideal foreign minister. Traveled, sound and cool of judgment, a firm believer in the doctrine that the broad lines of England's imperial policy should, as far as possible, be kept independent of the play of parliamentary parties, he showed himself to be the very man for the post.

There is no question that the expectation that Lord Rosebery would again be Foreign Secretary helped Mr. Gladstone to win the general election of the year before last. When, therefore, on the formation of the cabinet, Lord Rosebery declined the proffered portfolio, and announced his intention of retiring into private life, something like consternation spread through the ranks of his party. Except by the insignificant clique of "Little Englanders" who follow Mr. Labouchere, it was generally felt that Lord Rosebery's absence must prove a source of grave weakness to the government.

For his refusal many reasons and motives were conjectured—failing eyesight, insomnia, domestic bereavement, calculating affectation, or a manly determination not to sacrifice his own views on foreign policy to those of Mr. Gladstone. The truth of the matter has never yet become known, nor is it known by what argument Mr. Gladstone finally induced the young statesman to waive his personal objections and to take office once more.

But the net result of the incident was clear enough. It proved that Lord Rosebery had made himself indispensable to his party, and that he was entitled to

the reversion of the leadership whenever it should fall vacant.

Mr. Gladstone not very long ago described himself in a letter to an American correspondent as "a pure Scotchman." Lord Rosebery, his successor in the premiership, is also a Scot. His family name, Primrose, is derived from the Primrose lands in Fife, but his title comes from the village of Rosebery Topping in Yorkshire. The story goes that the first earl wooed and won an heiress there, and on being elevated to the peerage chose his title from the scene of his auspicious lovemaking. Archibald Philip, the present Lord Rosebery, is the fifth earl, and was born in London on the 7th of May, 1847. His mother, Lady Catherine Stanhope, was a noted beauty, and was one of the royal bridesmaids at Queen Victoria's wedding.

His education followed the usual aristocratic routine—Eton, and Christchurch, Oxford. At school he was not particularly prominent in any way. He was a quiet boy, and kept a good deal to himself; it is said that he was not very accessible even to his tutor. At the university he had a reputation as a speaker and a football player, and was known to be keenly interested in sport. He was reading for honors when the death of his grandfather caused his accession to the earldom.

He immediately left Oxford without taking his degree, and went on a long foreign tour with the Marquis of Bute, who had been a fellow student with him at Christchurch. On his return to England he was for some years known chiefly as an ardent patron and supporter of the turf. Keen observers, however—prominent among them being Mr. Gladstone himself—saw that he had the making of a statesman in him, and when only in his twenty fourth year he was selected to second the address in reply to the queen's speech. But although he acquitted himself admirably on that occasion, and at intervals delivered speeches marked by judgment and knowledge beyond his years, it was some time before he addressed himself seriously to the business of politics.

In 1878 Lord Rosebery married Han-

nah, the only child of Baron Meyer de Rothschild. By the connection thus formed with the great international banking house, he was brought into close relations with many influential men of all nationalities, besides receiving an enormous accession of wealth. Lady Rosebery had a fortune of half a million dollars a year settled without restriction upon herself; and on her death, which occurred about two years ago, she left it unreservedly to her husband.

More than once there have been rumors of an engagement between Lord Rosebery and Princess Maud of Wales. Such an alliance, if it took place, would render his tenure of political office difficult, if not impossible, and would surely pave the way to his retirement.

At his wedding Lord Beaconsfield gave the bride away, and this circumstance lent some color to the report that, notwithstanding the Radical tone of his speeches, the young earl had fallen under the influence of the great Conservative leader. A year later, however, all such rumors were dispelled, and it was seen that Lord Rosebery's political sympathies were wholly on the side of the Liberal opposition; for when Mr. Gladstone entered upon his famous "pilgrimage of passion" through Midlothian, his headquarters were at Dalmeny Park, Lord Rosebery's charming country seat near Edinburgh.

From that time to this, Mr. Gladstone has had no more loyal supporter than Lord Rosebery. He is one of the few peers who cordially adopted the policy of Home Rule for Ireland, though his reasons for doing so were wider in their range than Mr. Gladstone's. Lord Rosebery is an earnest advocate of the federation of the British Empire, and it is because he regards it as a first step in the direction of a general system of federation that he desires to see a native Irish parliament on College Green. He is in fact a more advanced Home Ruler than Mr. Gladstone. He believes in "Home Rule all round," and wants England and Scotland, as well as Ireland, to have local legislatures.

It is not only on the question of Home Rule that the young peer is more thor-

ough in his views than the veteran commoner whom he succeeds. He has committed himself to the doctrine of a thorough going reform of the House of Lords, a subject on which Mr. Gladstone never advanced beyond vague warnings or threats. "A house based solely upon the hereditary principle," he has said, "is based upon the sand;" and within the walls of the upper chamber itself he has set forth in detail a scheme by which the "indiscriminate and untempered application of the hereditary principle" would be replaced by a system of election.

In 1889, when the first London County Council was elected, Lord Rosebery, who had been returned at the head of the poll for the City, was appointed chairman. The practical difficulties of presiding over this first Council—a body with no past, with no organization, and with countless obligations and duties—were very great, and involved an amount of sheer hard work, which few but the chairman himself could realize. Lord Rosebery, however, who had been known to work eighteen hours a day when at the Foreign Office, threw himself into his duties with characteristic energy. Finding the council "a mere collection of atoms," as one of its members called it, he succeeded in making of it a homogeneous and organized body.

The arduousness of his task was heightened by the fact that the status of the chairman had been left vague and undefined. "For my part," Lord Rosebery said on one occasion, "my position has always reminded me of that of an elected judge in one of the new mining populations of the West. He has to be a rough and ready functionary, able and fitted to turn his hand to anything." Lord Rosebery proved himself quite able to turn his hand to anything connected with his position as chairman, and the tact, fine temper, and administrative ability which he displayed during his seventeen months' tenure of the office did more than anything else to convince his countrymen of his ability.

The good will with which he has come to be regarded by the English working classes was strikingly illus-

trated last November. A bitter war had been waged for sixteen weeks between coal miners and mine owners. Negotiations had ended in a deadlock, and the men steadily refused to arbitrate. Winter was advancing, and it seemed as though a coal famine, with all its attendant misery, were inevitable.

By some happy inspiration Mr. Gladstone wrote a letter suggesting that Lord Rosebery should intervene, not as an arbitrator, but simply as a friendly adviser to both sides. The proposal was eagerly accepted. Representatives of masters and men met Lord Rosebery at the Foreign Office, and in a single day the great strike was at an end. There is probably no other man in English public life at the present time whose sheer force of personal influence and character could, in the circumstances, have effected so rapid and so satisfactory a result.

Personally, Lord Rosebery is very popular. Although somewhat reserved in temperament, and by no means given to wearing his heart upon his sleeve, his kindliness of disposition, his courtesy and tact, have made him greatly liked by those who have come into contact with him. In this country, which he has visited more than once, and for whose institutions he has frequently expressed high admiration, he has a host of friends. His personal characteristics, his tastes and pursuits, appeal strongly to the vast majority of his fellow countrymen. They admire his fondness for out door life, and his ardent love of sport. Should his horse Ladas win this year's Derby, as is confidently expected, it will be an immensely popular victory.

The difficulties of Lord Rosebery's new position are very great. He has to keep a heterogeneous party well in hand, and he has to secure the constant support of the Irish members, without whom he could not maintain his position for a day. Moreover, he has to do this from the remoteness of the House of Lords, with the disadvantage of having in the lower chamber a lieutenant with whom he is not on the best of terms.

In a striking passage in his brilliant



The Earl of Rosebery.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

little monograph on William Pitt, Lord Rosebery has pointed out the necessity of an implicit confidence between a Prime Minister in the House of Lords and the leader of the House of Commons. "Responsibility rests so largely with the one, and articulation so greatly with the other, that unity of sentiment is the one necessary link that makes a relation in any case difficult, in any case possible. The voice of Jacob and the hands of Esau may effect a successful

imposture, but can hardly constitute a durable administration."

The "unity of sentiment," of which Lord Rosebery speaks, certainly does not subsist between himself and Sir William Harcourt, the leader of the lower house. Their personal relations have been strained in the past, and on many political questions they do not see eye to eye. The situation is one that in its later developments may task Lord Rosebery's abilities and courage to the utmost.

THE STAGE

"LORD TOMMY" AND THE GATE.

THE success of Pinero's unique and charming comedy, "The Amazons," continues undiminished at New York's leading stock theater, the Lyceum. It is literally the talk of the town, and not "I think I



Adele Ritchie.

must go and see it," but "I wonder if I can ever be so lucky as to get seats," is the refrain of those who have not yet beheld with their own eyes the three fascinating ladies of the Belturbet family whom their mother's commands have transformed into "lords."

Of these three, Mr. Pinero has made *Lord Tommy*, the youngest, most thoroughly in sympathy with the maternal mandate, and the rôle finds in Bessie Tyree an interpreter who is remarkably skilful in bringing out its salient points.

"Were you accustomed to vaulting gates and smoking cigarettes, Miss Tyree?" the writer asked her.

"Oh, dear, no! The first cigarette at the rehearsal made me as sick as his initial smoke ever made any boy, and although I have a brother almost my own age, I never tried to emulate him in field sports. Mr. Frohman thought a leap over the gate would make an entrance in keeping with my part, and asked me if I could do it. I looked at the model and measurements for the scene and said I could, for by these I saw the gate only came as high as my chest, and you know one can always vault easily to that height. But when the actual gate arrived I found that it was considerably higher.

"Here was a set back. I wanted to make an effective entrance, but if my toe caught on the top rail and threw me, the audience would be alarmed and I—well, I should be considerably alarmed, too. What was to be done? We did what we always do in the company when a dilemma confronts us—we went to Fritz Williams, and he showed me a way to get over the higher gate that I at once adopted, and which has served me beautifully ever since.

"Oh no, I don't buy my own cigarettes. I use two at each performance, and they are furnished by the management—the finest brand made, costing forty cents a box, I believe. Of course I am obliged to smoke them with the greatest apparent relish, *Tommy* being the veriest boy of the lot. As I was never a tomboy, I am forced to watch myself very carefully in order to maintain the spirit of the part. One glance at the audience, and I am lost."

THE YOUNGEST PRIMA DONNA IN THE COUNTRY.

THIS distinction is enjoyed by Adele Ritchie, nineteen years old, and now singing in "The Algerian." She was born in Philadelphia and graduated from a convent.



Mrs. Rudolph Aronson.

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.

Her musical education comprises only what study she went through at home, and three months' tuition at the Conservatory of Music in New York.

She made her first appearance last June in "The Isle of Champagne." Her part was a small one, but she was appointed understudy to the prima donna, and it was not long before she occupied this post herself. Such rapid advancement on the stage is almost unexampled. Miss Ritchie has now taken Marie Tempest's place in "The Algerian," and by her winning presence and fine voice has thoroughly captivated her audiences.

"The Algerian" is a De Koven opera

that in tunefulness approaches more closely to his famous "Robin Hood" than anything else the young composer has written.

OFFENBACH REDIVIVUS.

"WE spend our money in bringing out the works of contemporary writers, and in case of failure incur all the loss, but the authors expect us to pay them their royalties just the same. Now does that seem fair?"

This was Miss Pauline Hall's question, addressed to the writer, who had been asking her why she had resorted to Offenbach as the principal card of her present season.

"But besides that," she went on, returning from a call to the stage which had for-



Mme. Segond Weber.

From a photograph by Rautlinger, Paris.

tunately saved the interviewer the necessity of committing himself to an opinion on a delicate subject, "Offenbach has always been a great favorite of mine. It seems as if it were easier for me to sing in his operas than in any others. No, it was not in Offenbach that I made my first appearance at the Casino. That was in Strauss' 'Merry War.'

"New works that we think of bringing out? Well, there are two by Lecocq, one of them 'La Creole,' which has never been done in this country, and which is very, very pretty. As to whose happy thought it was that we should go back to Offenbach after our luckless experience with 'The Honeymooners,' I think I must claim the

—honor, shall I call it? At any rate, it *was* a 'happy thought,' as you say."

"The Princess of Trebizonde" is certainly charmingly rendered by Miss Hall and her companions, who infuse into their work that snap, dash, and vigor without which Offenbach would lose the sparkle that makes him live.

Now that Lillian Russell has also gone back to the music of the lively French maestro and revived "Girofle Girofla," the outlook for present day composers with new scores in their pockets is particularly depressing.

Speaking of Miss Russell, her departure from the Casino some three years ago appears to have cast over New York's Moorish



M. Mounet Sully.

From a photograph by van Bouch, Paris.

playhouse the shadow of permanent ill luck—a shadow which has not lifted to any great extent even when she herself has returned to it. It is reported that its late manager, Rudolph Aronson, is negotiating for the conversion of the theater into a veritable casino, with a special clientage somewhat on the plan of the Vaudeville Club. Indeed, it would not be a bad idea for the Vaudeville Club itself to take the house.

Mrs. Rudolph Aronson, whose portrait we give this month, was on the stage before her marriage, so that Mr. Hoyt is not the only New York manager who has taken a wife from the profession. Henry E. Abbey is another still.

FRENCH TRAGEDY FOR AMERICA.

To command success as a tragedian in these days, when the theater is regarded by the majority as merely a temple of amuse-

ment and not of art, an actor must have endowments little short of the supernatural. Small wonder is it, then, that the great tragedians can be counted on the five fingers of one's hand, and that difference of language is no barrier to the extent of their conquests. Of these mighty ones, M. Mounet Sully, from the world famous Théâtre Français, is now for the first time displaying his capabilities before the American public.

He was born in 1844, and his passion for the stage dates from his earliest childhood. But he was obliged to fight his way to the footlights, his family being very much opposed to his becoming an actor. He persevered, however, went to Paris, studied at the Conservatoire, secured a first prize for tragedy and a position at the Odéon. He made his debut at the Français in 1872 as *Oreste* in Racine's "Andromaque." His success was immediate, but it was reserved

for his *Oedipus*, produced in 1888, to bring all Paris to his feet.

M. Mounet Sully's leading woman on his present tour is Mme. Segond Weber, who is but twenty five, and has been on the

How many people know that Hattie Russell, who was leading lady for W. J. Florence, and for three seasons played the widow in "The Senator," is a sister to Ada Rehan? It is singular, by the way, what a



Hattie Russell.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

stage only a few years. She is a prize winner at the Conservatoire, and was a pupil of Got. Our portrait shows her as *Phèdre*.

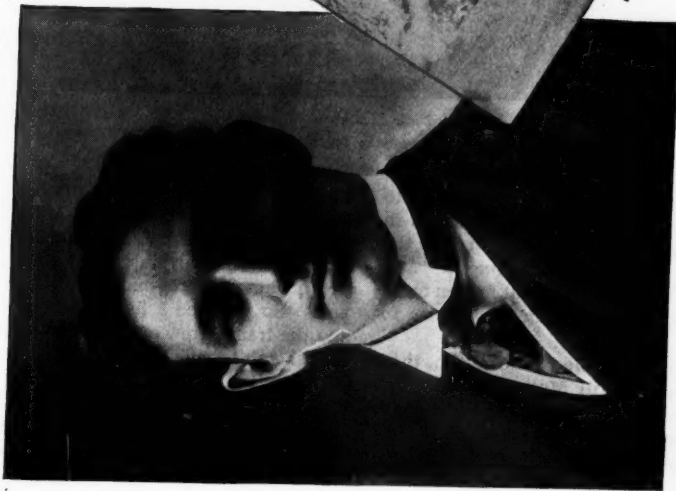
ADA REHAN'S SISTER.

MR. DALY has redeemed himself in the eyes of London theater goers, who have flocked to see "Twelfth Night." Nevertheless the manager from America will not make another try of it at Leicester Square next winter. He begins a tour in the United States in September, and opens at the home theater in November.

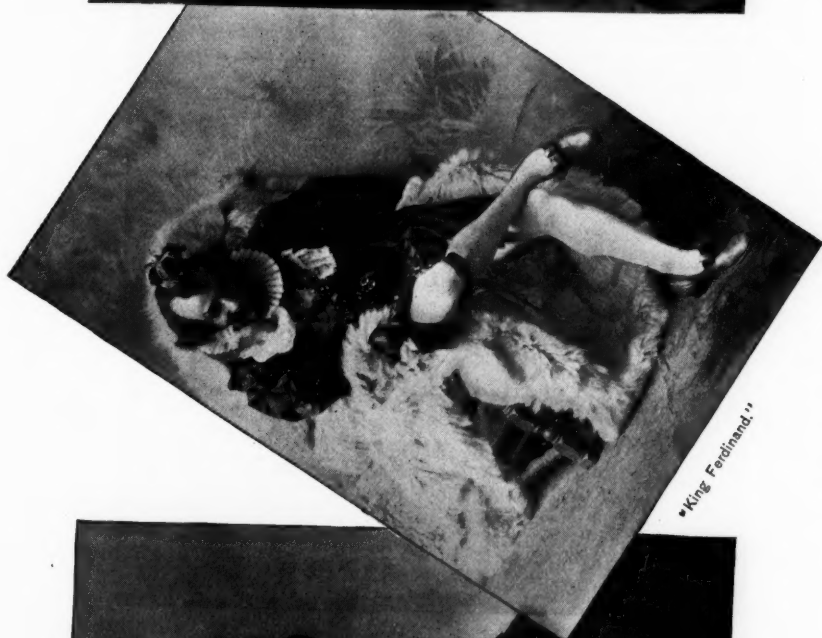
fondness theatrical folk have for the name Russell, for of course in the majority of cases the cognomen that appears on the playbill is not that to which its bearer was born.

HEARD IN THE TRAMP'S DRESSING ROOM.

"THERE was a hot box on one of the cars, and our train had halted in the open country. I was looking out of the window, when there appeared from behind a hay-mow a tramp, who was such a good type of his class that I got out my pencil and



Walter Jones.



"King Ferdinand."



"Charley Tatters."

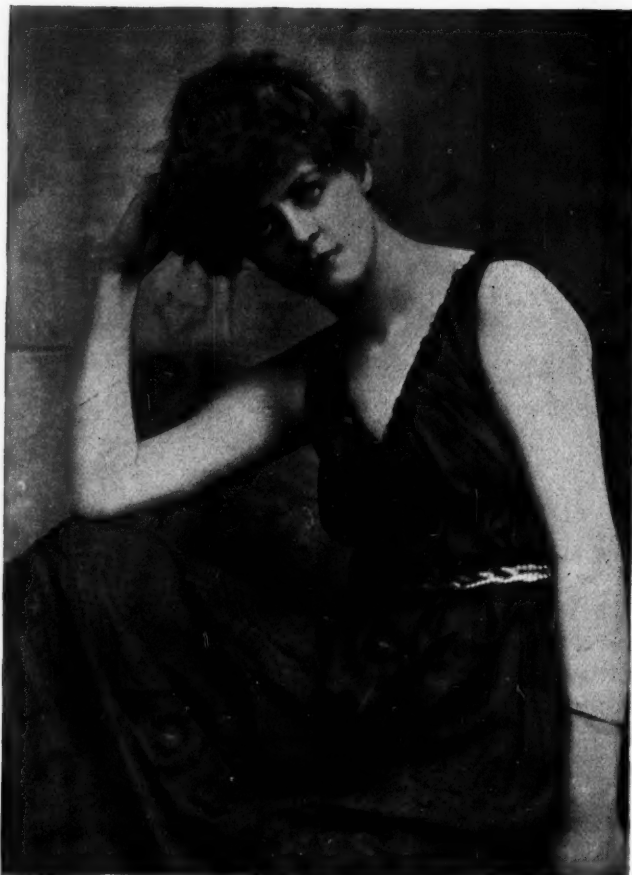
A Versatile Young Comedian and Two of his Characters in 1922.

sketched him on the spot. My *Charley Tatters*, in '1492,' is modeled on that very tramp."

So said Walter Jones, pausing for an instant in the adjustment of his putty nose, to note the effect in the glass.

Their present condition is the result of wear only. Of course that makes them all the more valuable to me.

"My shoes? I bought them out in Milwaukee a good many years ago, and wore them out, too. The soles, though, I have to



Marie Studholme.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

"Usually," he went on, turning again to the writer, "I have only four minutes in which to make up. That's when I do the Sandow act, which is off for tonight. And the queer thing about it is that I often find I get better results the quicker I have to work.

"Where did I get the clothes? Oh, they used to belong to Will Mestayer. He wore them when he first played in the 'Tourists.' The coat and vest, you see, belonged to a dress suit, and were very fine goods.

keep in repair on account of my dance, and I guess that item's cost me all of a hundred dollars. As to the hat, that was one of my own which in a boyish freak I once soaked in a bucket of water and then impaled on a pole. So you see I had all these things, and the tramp grew out of them—and out of that sketch I made on the cars."

"1492," of which Mr. Jones' tramp is a notable feature, is running "A Trip to Chinatown" a close race in the number of metropolitan performances scored. Three hun-

dred is the record on April 23, with the limit not yet set. The introduction of the Kilanyi troupe, in a series of living pictures, marks a novel departure in the variety business, for this country at least. In London the posing of actresses in picture frames has been quite the sensation of the winter. Mrs. Langtry is reported to have done something at it, and Marie Studholme, of whom we present two portraits, one on the cover, is the featured poser at the Empire.

There are eighteen pictures shown at the Garden Theater, all of them beautiful, and revealed in a succession so rapid as to be simply marvelous. Rice's Surprise Party has in every way justified its name in the present production, a constant procession of novelties serving to keep "1492" up to date in the most approved fashion.

Henry E. Dixey is another iron that Mr. Rice has in the fire. He is now doing "Adonis," but a novelty on a grand scale is being planned for next season. Dixey, the star, must have odd, if pleasurable, sensations, when, in chatting with his present manager, he recalls the old times when he first came into association with that manager as the hind legs of the heifer in "Evangeline."

MAUDE HARRISON UTTERS A PROTEST.

WHEN you have seen a capital play capitally acted by one company, you ordinarily run the risk of disappointment when you go to see the same play done by another cast. But such disappointment is reduced to the minimum in the case of the Lyceum Comedy Company, an organization which Daniel Frohman sent out on the road last fall. During this, its first season, it has played the successes of the home theater—"Americans Abroad" and "The Guardsman"—and given performances that were so thoroughly enjoyable that comparisons were not in the least odious.

The leading woman of the Comedy Company is Maude Harrison, an English actress who has been a favorite here so long that

many will doubtless be surprised to learn that she is not American born. And this is not to say that she is well advanced in years, for she was very young indeed when



Henry E. Dixey.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus, O.

she made her first hit, in Bronson Howard's "Banker's Daughter," in the halcyon days of the Union Square Theater.

Miss Harrison expresses herself in strong terms in regard to the unjust fashion in which actresses are regarded by the world.

"Could the great public," she says, "know the women of the stage as I have known them, it would pay quite as little heed to the slanders so frequently uttered against them. It is a hard life for the majority of us, and that is why I persist

that their record for modesty and morality is one of which they may be proud. In spite of all the hard knocks, the disappointments, and the trials, the majority of the women of the stage are womanly. That is the best term by which I can express it.

Sullivan's new opera. She was talking with the writer three days after the first performance at the Broadway Theater, whose audience room has been filled to the doors since "Utopia" has been on, so Miss Reddick, who certainly makes a charming



Maude Harrison.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

Among us there are hundreds of gentle and patient wives, loving mothers, and affectionate daughters. And while we do not cry over the criticism of the narrow minded who believe us all to be lost, we must heartily protest against the oft repeated falsehood that 'all actresses are irredeemably bad.'

"UTOPIA'S" PRINCESS AND HER CAPTAIN.

"SUCH splendid notices as we had all through Great Britain, especially in Glasgow, usually a cold town to play in, and now to have your New York critics come down on 'Utopia' so severely, fairly took my breath away."

So said Isabel Reddick, the prima donna for the American production of Gilbert and

Princess Zara, may console herself with the reflection that the box office returns are not influenced by the disgruntled gentlemen of the morning and evening press.

"Of course," Miss Reddick went on, "I don't expect American audiences to comprehend all the fun there is in *King Paramount's* question, 'You are sure this is strictly the way they do things at St. James' and the Company Promoter's reply, 'Yes, strictly; that is to say at St. James' Hall;' for you are not supposed to know that St. James' Hall is where London's minstrel show is located. But I confess I have been surprised that my remark about ladies looking better by candle light does not evoke the same laughter that it does in England. Surely the desire of

woman always to look her best is an international trait, isn't it?"

The presentation scene in the second act, an exact copy of the ceremony at the queen's drawing room, is a magnificent

a song that would just suit these apologetic singers. Yes, it is a rather difficult number to render, and it takes a good deal of courage to go through with it besides, especially at a first performance, for your audi-



Odette Tyler.

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

spectacle. Some of the gowns, with their trains of fabulous length—there are no less than seventeen of them—cost Mr. Carte over five hundred dollars apiece. It is at the opening of this act that the tenor (*Captain Fitzbattleaxe*) is called upon to try for a high C which he must fail to strike.

"I'll tell you how Sullivan came to write that number," said Mr. Clinton Elder, who sings this part at the Broadway. "At the rehearsals for his earlier operas the tenors were always sending excuses, saying that their digestion was out of order, or that they had a sore throat, or some disability of the sort. Sir Arthur became disgusted, and declared that in his next opera he would have

ence, who won't pay much attention to your words, are very apt to think that the false note is evidence of your incapacity, and to keep on thinking so until the scene is nearly over."

ODETTE TYLER.

THE announcement that Odette Tyler was to be married to the third son of the late Jay Gould, and the speedy breaking off of the engagement, were incidents that could not fail to provoke comment and curiosity. In private life this clever actress, who during the past season has played in "The Councillor's Wife" and "Poor Girls," is Miss Elizabeth Lee Kirkland.

ETCHINGS



AMERICANS ABROAD.

HE—"There is nothing in New York so shocking as these Parisian halls."

SHE—"I thought you once told me that Tammany Hall was the wickedest place in the world!"



THE MISSING BLUSH.

JACK—"What a heartless flirt you are! Oh, shame where is thy blush?"

MARIE—"Mercy! Did I forget to finish my face?"

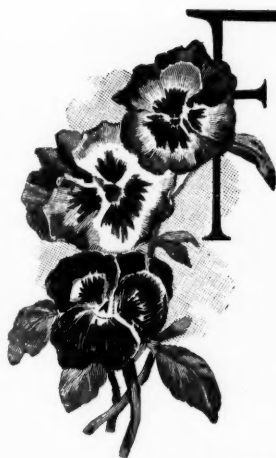
NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN.

THE peaceful atmosphere of a London club was somewhat disturbed, not long ago, by a notice that was found posted in the entrance hall. It read as follows:

"The nobleman who took away an umbrella not his own from the dining room on such a date is requested to return it to so and so."

The house committee summoned the author of the notice, and requested an explanation. "Why, sir," they said, "did you word your request in such an extraordinary way? Why should you have supposed that a nobleman took your umbrella?"

"Well," he replied, "the first article in the club rules says that 'This club is composed of noblemen and gentlemen,' and since the person who stole my umbrella was no gentleman, I concluded that he must have been a nobleman."



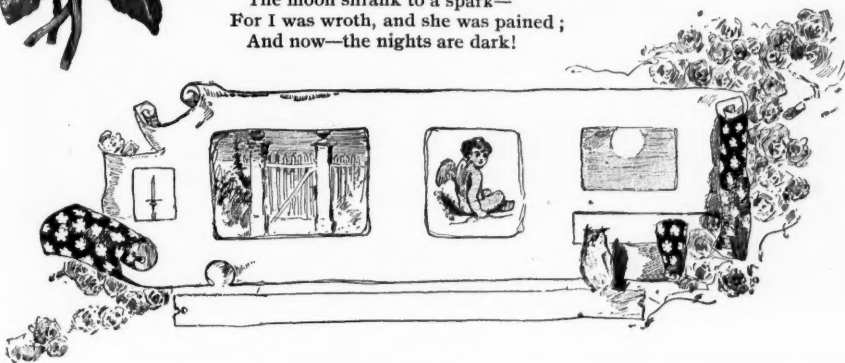
FROM LOVE TO LUNACY.

It started with the slender moon,
A crescent in the sky :
The prelude of love's tender tune,
Its swelling symphony.

It grew as Dian grew, apace!
I threw my doubts away
And worshiped her enraptured face
Beneath the lunar ray.

And as the silver globe above
Its full refulgence cast,
I told her, "She was my first love;"
In truth, she was—my last !

And then, the dreamy passion waned—
The moon shrank to a spark—
For I was wroth, and she was pained ;
And now—the nights are dark!



COMPARATIVE MAGNITUDES.

GENERAL OGLE, a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, had been deputed to compose an address to the newly elected President, Andrew Jackson. When the bluff old warrior submitted his document to the House, a fellow member, a dapper little fellow from Philadelphia, observed :

"Pardon me, general. I hesitate about making any suggestion to so distinguished an individual; but I cannot refrain from saying that it is customary with cultured letter writers to write the first personal pronoun with a capital 'I' instead of a small 'i'."

General Ogle returned a look of scorn. "Sir," said he, "when I write to so great a man as General Andrew Jackson, Democratic President of the United States, I abase myself. I abase myself, sir. I use as small an 'i' as I can put upon paper. But, sir, if ever I should have to write to a little snipe like you, I would use an 'I,' sir, that would fill two pages of foolscap!"

UNCOMPLIMENTARY.

HE—"I once shot a stag with this gun."

SHE—"Indeed! What were you aiming at?"



GOOD ADVICE.

THE ELDER SISTER—"You are telling Anton that you love him?"

THE YOUNGER SISTER—"Yes."

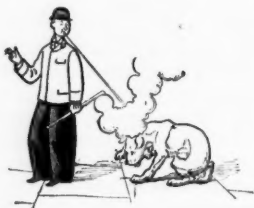
THE ELDER SISTER—"Don't be so rash. Say you think you could love him if you felt sure about his rich uncle's will."

THE DEADLY CIGARETTE—



I.

"What does that dog want?"



II.

"Get away there, will you?"

THE DRUMMER'S
STRATAGEM.

JUST above a small railroad station in the north of England there lives a nobleman who is a large shareholder in the company that owns the line. For his convenience, a correspondent writes, trains are often kept waiting a few minutes beyond the regular time of starting.

One day a Scotch drummer was hurrying to the station to catch a train, but was still some distance away when he saw the wheels beginning to move. A happy thought struck him. He ran on down the hill, waving his hat, and pointing toward the nobleman's residence. The station master, concluding that the magnate

—OR, THE BITER BIT.



III.

"Ow! Owch!"



IV.

"He's taken a piece right out!"



V—"It doesn't seem to agree with him."



VI—"Just look at him!"

was to be momentarily expected, stopped the train, and the panting ambassador of commerce climbed aboard.

The minutes passed, and no nobleman appeared.

"Where's his lordship?" the railroad men somewhat impatiently asked.

"I ken naethin' about his lordship," the canny Scot replied, "but I'm all richt, an' ye can go ahead for Edinburgh as fast as ye like."



VII—"Great Scott, he's poisoned!"



VIII—"Well, it served him right."

THE VISION OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

BESIDE a rustic lane that led between
Broad, smiling meadows, clad in vernal green,
A soldier of the Unemployed Brigade
Lay slumbering sweetly in the gracious shade.

Pillowed upon an ancient "grip" he lay:
His battered hat had seen a better day;
His worn umbrella left the choice to you,
To say if it had once been black or blue.

And as he slept he dreamed a wondrous dream,
Around him shone a more than earthly gleam;
A more than mortal voice spake in his ears,
"Awake! Arise above this vale of tears!"

And then it seemed that on his shoulders grew
Two plumed wings of iridescent hue;
And speeding skyward toward some starry land,
Umbrella, grip and all, slipped from his hand.

Onward he flew through flashing zones of light,
Through groves in bloom and gardens of delight,
Till sudden round him, from some unseen choir,
Burst songs of triumph and the heart's desire.

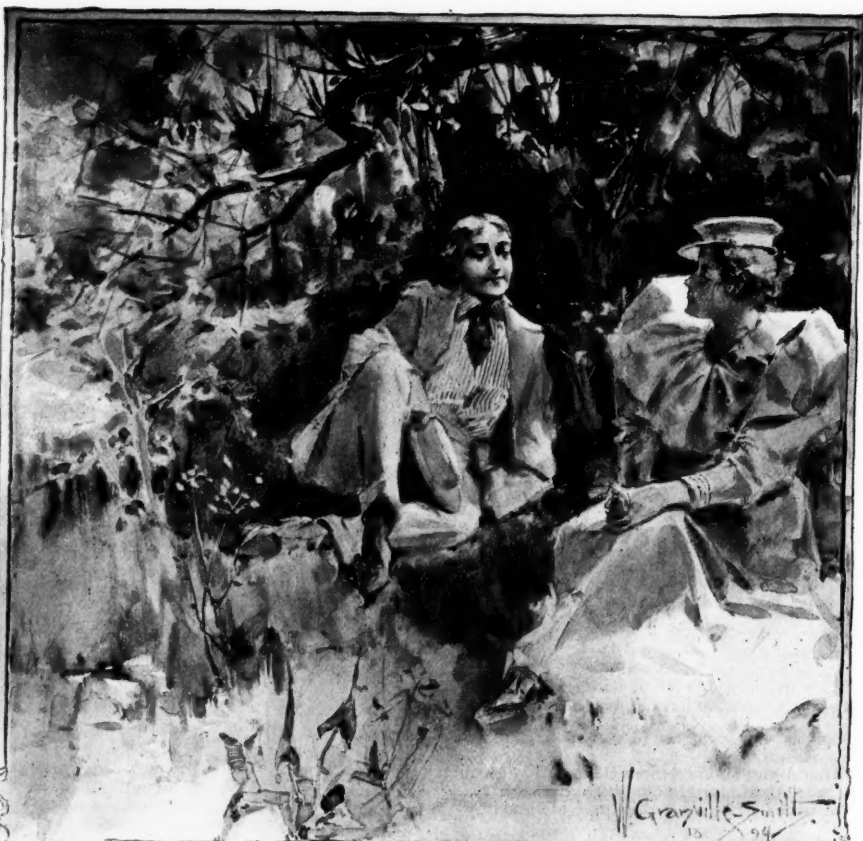
"No work! no work! Oh! never more to work!
To live a whole eternity of shirk!"
And on his raptured vision broke amain
The rainbow splendors of the heavenly plain.

Here grew thick hedges hung with many a bunch
Of sandwich succulent, and cold free lunch;
There sprang rich vines full fruited from the roots,
Whence one might pluck old clothes, old hats,
old boots.

Sweet tears o'erflowed the happy dreamer's eyes.
"This, this," he cried, "this must be Paradise!
Oh, ye who dwell in this enchanted spot
Permit one unemployed to share your lot."

But ere the answer came, a cruel blow
Hurled down the dreamer to the world below.
A harsh voice cried, "Get up and go your ways!
You know the law—ten dollars or ten days!"





OUT OF THE WORLD

THIS mossy old mile post of rough brown stone
Is a wayback, country liar;
"Sixty Miles to New York!" It must have known
The figures should be much higher.
Sixty miles, from these mountains old as time!
Only sixty miles between us
And the rush and turmoil, the heat and grime!
Why, New York is as far as Venus!

And what do I care, by this cold, clear brook,
As to whether I'm "long" or "short";
Or for Bradstreet's notes on the "fall outlook,"
Or the government crop report?
It's enough to lie here, under the tree,
Drinking in the view through the Gap,
And talking—well, talking Theosophy
To a girl in a yachting cap.



THE BOOM AT LOS ALMENDROS.

By Lieutenant G. de H. Browne.

LOS ALMENDROS, an inland "city" of California, was enjoying the peculiarly subtle onslaught of a boom, when Mr. Stanley Flint alighted at the gaudily painted station from a passing train. Imperceptibly and without warning it had crept upon the place almost, as it were, in a single night. On the sign boards and dead walls nothing else was seen. Among the people it was dominant to the exclusion of all other conversational topics. The little white survey stakes, which everywhere dotted the green fields, seemed to spell it out and blazon it to the world. The very atmosphere was teeming with it—with that which words are inadequate to describe, but which can best be likened to an all pervading effervescence of the human mind—a boom.

Tall, of strong yet graceful build, and not penniless, as was evinced by the neat and even fashionable attire partially, but not wholly, concealed beneath the folds of a long duster, Stanley was at once surrounded by a throng of vociferating hackmen. From his features, dark, weather bronzed, and rather handsome, he might have seen thirty or fifty years—albeit his eyes possessed a certain aggressive fire which age is supposed to veil—and by the same token, also, he appeared blissfully unconscious of the shouts that were being hurled at his head.

Slowly his gaze wandered over the adjacent buildings—most of them time worn, but some bearing the unmistakable stamp of sudden (and perhaps temporary) prosperity. Thence his eye ranged to the fields and vineyards beyond, strayed even farther, to a small lake in the distance, and across its surface to the first slope of the wooded foothills, and then dropped to the faces of those about him.

"Assuredly, gentlemen—a carriage!" he said in a graciously mellifluent tone, accompanied by an indulgent smile, not unlike that which a politician bestows on his constituents. "But, averse to the manifestation of individual favoritism, possibly you will concede me the privilege of a selection from the vehicular equipages."

The words that glided nonchalantly from his lips were, apparently, as unintelligible to those soliciting his patronage as would have been an address in the Washoe dialect. With a blank stare, however, they unconsciously drew back—at which Mr. Flint smiled again—and walking leisurely through their ranks, he approached the line of carriages, entering that which, among them, presented the best exterior appearance.

"Moral—politeness, like music, hath its charms," was his bland observation to the driver, who hastened to close the door behind him. Then he laid a detaining hand on the man's arm. "The biggest hotel," he added, in a more businesslike tone. "You understand? Not necessarily the best, but the biggest—the highest priced—in fact, the boomiest."

Presumably the man did understand, for he nodded and climbed toward his seat, while Stanley settled himself comfortably on the cushions. The next instant there was a sharp crack from without, loud, spiteful, and more vicious than that of a whip. With a careless disregard for the already moving wheels, he threw open the door and leaped back to the platform.

The cab drivers, hotel runners, and other flotsam and jetsam of the station, were huddled close to the carriages, as if in fear, while in the open space, only a few yards distant, a young girl, her face devoid of every trace of color, and

her eyes blazing with a hard, determined light, was pointing a pistol, already smoking, at the figure of a man who was running swiftly down the street.

Like a flash Stanley took in the situation, and his long duster glided through the frightened crowd as a yacht sweeps through the water. Again the girl's finger pressed the trigger, but his hand closed on her wrist, and the bullet sped harmlessly skyward.

"Very—very foolish!" he said in a low tone, quietly taking the weapon from her hands. "You might hit some one, you know."

Then he glanced apprehensively at the crowd, which, the danger at an end, at once began to congregate, and grasping her arm he quickly drew her toward the waiting cab.

"Drive—drive anywhere, but don't stop!" was his command to the driver.

Hastily closing the door, he allowed the girl to sink down on the opposite cushions. For a brief interval, as they rapidly left the station behind, neither spoke. The tense, passionate energy which had marked the young girl's features, and seemed to have buoyed her up during the commission of her desperate act, had given place to a weak, nerveless trembling. Her hands rested helplessly in her lap, her head was bowed, and her breath came and went in short, convulsive gasps. She looked up presently, and a tinge of color was returning to her pallid cheeks; but even then she did not speak.

Unquestionably she was a very pretty girl. She had the dark hair and eyes which the Spaniard of earlier days has left behind him in California. Her complexion, lacking the olive tint of a southern clime, yet retained something of the same transparency of skin. Her figure, softly rounded with the charms of budding womanhood, was clad in a gown of some soft material, which admirably outlined its delicately tapering curves. But Stanley wished she would speak; he was not at all pleased with his own position.

"I—I am glad you stopped me," she said at last, in a faltering tone.

"Exactly! So, I presume, is the man

who appeared to have business in the next county," Stanley observed dryly.

But the tone and words apparently fell on deaf ears. The agitation she was undergoing inwardly had deadened all sense of outward perception.

"I should certainly have hit him," she added, as if no interruption had occurred, "for I'm an excellent shot."

"An obsolete accomplishment," Stanley returned in the same dry tone as before. "When I was a boy we rather admired a man who bowled over two or three of his neighbors before breakfast; but such pleasantries nowadays entail stone wall discomforts and gridiron attire. However," he added, with a glance at the open country, through which they were now passing, "won't you tell me your name, and where you would like to go?"

This time, and presumably at the mention of their destination, a wave of color swept across the young girl's features. Her dull, abstracted expression broke like a shattered mirror. Sinking into a corner of the carriage, she buried her face in the cushions.

"My name is Marie Arguello, and the driver is taking us home," she sobbed passionately; "but my mother! Oh, my poor mother!"

At the name Stanley raised his brows. Then he leaned back with an impenetrable face. Nevertheless, beneath his apathetic exterior, he pitied her sincerely. There was but one cause to which he could attribute her rash act, and his sympathy had always been with those of her sex who were driven to desperation by faithless man.

"I must—I will tell you!" she broke out again. "Oh, my poor mother!"

Stanley shuddered. Such an explanation he considered wholly superfluous. He anticipated a tale which, for him, had long since been robbed of its novelty by the police courts and newspapers. Almost at her first coherent sentence, however, he stopped her with a gesture. Her narrative, from its very beginning, was assuming a character vastly dissimilar to that expected.

"One moment!" he interposed in a matter of fact tone. "Let us proceed

coolly. First, who was the man and why did you think it necessary to shoot him?"

"Because he has robbed my mother of her home—of the very roof which sheltered her head," the young girl returned with something of the same passionate energy which she had previously exhibited.

Stanley uttered an expressive "Ah!" but it was unheeded. Launched upon the recital of her mother's wrongs, the young girl's agitation vanished, and she appeared, for the moment, to lose all sense of her own predicament.

The man, one Charles Danton, had not actually taken possession of her mother's home, but, as shown by the tale unfolded, there was every probability that he would soon be able to do so. The house in question—comprising some six hundred acres of land and an ancient adobe residence which had been erected in years long past—was located on the shores of the lake toward which Stanley's gaze had first wandered when alighting from the train. Heretofore it had been considered of little value, but with the advent of the boom speculators innumerable had sought to purchase it. To every one, however, had the same answer been given: "It is not for sale."

By all except Danton this reply had been accepted, but at it he had waxed wroth, had given vent to language unbecoming a gentleman, and had at last been ejected from the house and forbidden to return. At this Stanley's eyes flashed ominously. By no means, however, had Danton abandoned his efforts. Failing by fair means, he had resorted to foul—or, rather, to business methods. By connivance with unscrupulous officials, he had induced the authorities of the city to construct a road about the lake, to regrade and almost rebuild the one leading from the city, and to set aside a large appropriation to be expended upon the lake itself.

"Not," the girl interpolated, almost fiercely, "because such improvements are needed, but because my mother will be unable to pay the enormous assessments levied, and her house will then be sold by the sheriff."

Stanley manifested his comprehension by a nod, then glanced toward the lake which they were now approaching. The whole affair was merely one of those unavoidable incidents which are ever attendant upon a boom; albeit he was rather pleased to find his earlier interpretation of her conduct erroneous. But he could see nothing particularly reprehensible in Danton's conduct, aside from his exhibition of anger, which was inexcusable under any and all circumstances. For that, however, Mr. Danton would be punished, and by Stanley himself, not alone because he was lazily interested in the girl whom he had saved from the suffering her own rashness would have entailed, but also because he was the principal in whose service Danton had blundered.

"Do you think your mother is acting for the best?" he asked, after a pause, and with an affable and soothing smile. "As she cannot meet the assessments, would it not be wiser to sell?"

For a moment the young girl was silent. She seemed about to give vent to another flood of tears. Then she straightened up and pointed to the surrounding country with a sweeping gesture that was infinitely graceful, if somewhat theatric.

"My mother is Spanish," she said somewhat proudly, "and once she owned all this land. By assessments and taxes they have taken everything except her home. Would you now have them take that also?"

Stanley made no reply; he never presumed to argue with a lady. And besides, he knew argument to be futile with such as he presumed her mother to be—one of those who had seen many leagues of hills and fields swallowed up, some by taxes, but more by the green table, and each loss contracting the mind until it clung to the last remaining vestige of the wreck as with a grip that only death could break. Hitherto, it must be confessed, he had failed to appreciate, and certainly had not respected, this inordinate love for the home, nor did he yet; but the individual case before him seemed to have been placed in a new light.

Not that he, for a moment, entertained any material alteration of the programme that he had laid out; but he believed that, like nauseous drugs, even the loss of a home might be rendered pleasant when properly administered.

"And a small mortgage, I presume," he began again—but the suggestion was not completed. The young girl shook her head vigorously, convincing him, or rather confirming an earlier conviction, that such a solution of the difficulty would be regarded much as would the proffered assistance of a nineteenth century footpad.

During a brief silence that followed, the cab drew up before a vine covered gateway, and he at once assisted her to alight. Then he accompanied her to the gate.

"No, I'll not come in today—tomorrow, perhaps," he said, in response to her request. "But I would say one word before I go. I hardly think it necessary to worry your mother, or yourself, about what took place at the station. You may, and probably will, be arrested, but, if you will permit, I shall consider myself favored in being allowed to act as your bondsman. After that we will see what can be done in the other matter you mentioned."

Tears again filled the young girl's eyes, but they were tears of gratitude, and extending her hand she pressed his warmly.

"You are kind—very kind," she said in a low tone, "but you are a stranger."

Stanley at once produced a card.

"Not any longer," he returned with a cheerful alacrity that brightened her tearful face. "I don't think you'll be punished further than the inconvenience of an arrest, and a word to the hotel will find me, should I not learn of it in time to be present."

"Do you think I would if—if I had killed him?" she asked hesitatingly.

But Mr. Flint had already turned away, and there was no reply.

Nevertheless he had heard, and repeated the question, as he again settled back in the cab. But, even to himself, he did not answer it; the sentiment conveyed was manifestly plain, but it was

not at all in accord with his own manner of reasoning. True, Danton appeared to have carried on his negotiations with the delicacy and finesse of a pugilist in the ring, but to him would be meted out a billet more lasting than those discharged from a pistol of small caliber; and Mr. Flint smiled, but not agreeably. Mrs. Arguello was, of course, unfortunate—she had been caught in the path of a financial cyclone and could not withstand its blast; but the world was moving, and only to her own ignorant bigotry did she owe her inability to retain her place in the great procession.

"A man's home is his castle," he muttered in a half satirical tone, "but the money lenders got most of the castles, and we——"

There he broke off, and looked back toward the house which he was rapidly leaving behind. Somehow he was not wholly at his ease. The young girl whom he had snatched from the very threshold of a prison was standing on the broad veranda of a long, weather begrimed building, her slender figure enfolded within a mass of vines and rose trees. Mentally he seemed to see all this crumble and vanish from behind her, leaving her alone upon the open plain.

No evidence of such a feeling remained, however, when, some minutes later, he alighted at a big hotel in the city. It was Mr. Stanley Flint, speculator, who presented himself to the clerk. The long duster was tossed carelessly on the desk, leaving its owner not merely fashionably, but expensively clad. Diamonds glistened on his shirt front, neck scarf, and watch chain, peeped from the cuffs within his sleeve, and flashed from his fingers as he inscribed his name on the register.

Could he have a suite—the best—on the first floor? But of course he could! Baggage? Ah, yes! checks in the duster; please send for it at once. Certainly, would go to his room at once—always dusty in California, you know. But would they please ring for a messenger? What's that—no service? Well, all that would come in time; messenger

boys, electric roads, cable roads, factories, colleges, churches, theaters, competing railroads, and so forth; only a matter of a few months. And now the bar room—you'll not—with a laugh—refuse your own stuff—then to straighten out a bit.

"And one thing more," Mr. Flint adjured, as they returned from the wine room—"no newspaper men. I have nothing to say, you know; I'm not in the swim. Fortunate investments in other parts of the State have left me where I can enjoy a less turbulent existence. That's it, exactly—turbulent. Of course I might spend a few dollars, but only a ten cent purchase, just for a home, perhaps. I like your town, you see; going to be a great place in time. Oh, yes! I got into a little rumpus at the station, but don't know anything about it; put a young girl into a cab after she did a little booming of her own—that was all. Don't know where she went, and—well, you can just tell them that, but don't let me be disturbed before dinner."

And with a blandly good humored smile that seemed to have preempted his face at birth, he retired.

In strict accordance with his orders he was not disturbed, nor did he reappear until dinner was announced; and yet, during the two hours that intervened, Los Almendros was singularly well informed concerning his arrival, his intentions, and himself. Possibly, though, a small note which a porter carried from his room, would have afforded some explanation. It was addressed to the evening paper.

Concerning one matter, however, that paper was not informed; only a meager account of the assistance which he had rendered Miss Arguello was published. But the morning editions made up for this tardiness of news gathering. Their readers had the whole story, even to the most infinitesimal detail.

Seated in his room, after breakfast, Stanley examined the article with a complacent smile. Materially the facts given deviated in no way from the truth, albeit considerable stress was laid upon his own part in the affair. The young

girl had also been arrested, but in a manner—as it was explained—"compatible with Mr. Flint's entire conduct." An officer had called and informed her that she was under arrest, but that bonds for her appearance in court, when wanted, had already been filed. And the story closed with the congratulatory statement that their city had acquired a citizen whose sympathies and bank account were ever open to the deserving.

At a knock on the door, Stanley quickly cast the paper into a farther corner. Like many before him, he had awakened to find himself famous. During the next two hours he was waited on by agents innumerable, and by a committee from the Board of Trade. To the agents he listened attentively, accepted their statements as a child accepts its mother's tales, then dismissed them almost without their knowledge. To the committee he accorded a different reception; the doors were locked, and they went into "executive session."

"With you, gentlemen," he began, "I can talk without fear of publicity. As your excellent papers have stated, I am out of speculation; but I must keep what money I have, and keep it invested—of course! Now I've seen your town and I like it—I say I like it. It can never be a San Francisco; you have no sea coast. But you have a lake—gentlemen, Chicago has a lake. First, though, my friends, I should like to meet your mayor and other officials. I have already seen your lake—but I hope to visit it again this afternoon—under more favorable circumstances," he hastily added with an admirable assumption of embarrassment. "Then, if satisfied, I propose to ask your city for a franchise to build an electric road by which it may be reached, and—well, you can all understand that a couple of hundred thousand in a hotel there, with the road as an adjunct, would, in a small way, be quite a nice investment."

Coming from another, such language might have been considered the words of a braggart; but not so from Mr. Flint's lips. He seemed to raise his auditors to the necessary height, and

then carry the idea to them. As he finished speaking he settled back amid his flashing diamonds, and for the next hour he listened closely to the others. A listener sometimes inspires pity, and pity begets confidence.

In the afternoon he again visited the lake, and this time in a more leisurely manner, and accompanied by several of his new found friends.

The land on both sides of the road along which they drove, after reaching the outskirts of the city, was owned by a so called "New York Syndicate." Stanley at once desired to purchase it. He laughed when told that this would be impossible, even with his means. But so it proved; for although he sought out the manager of the syndicate, who was found on the tract, and at once offered him a price which, notwithstanding the boom, was considered enormous, it was refused. "The land had already been surveyed and subdivided, and would be sold only in small lots," was the answer he received.

For a moment Stanley gave evidence of considerable disappointment. It was an excellent piece of acting. In his pocket, then, and always to be, concealed, were certain deeds which would have shown him to be the "New York Syndicate" itself. He had boomed his own land.

Farther on the carriages turned. "From here to the lake is Mrs. Arguello's," one of the party explained significantly.

Stanley nodded; then his eyes wandered over the broad acres with a slow, deliberate glance.

"I think I'll buy that," he said at last. "Not, of course," he hastily added, "until—nor unless—the lady desires to sell. But money buys pretty things, and ladies like—"

There he broke off and winked most disrespectfully at the mayor, who was seated beside him.

Shortly after returning to the hotel, Mr. Flint was aroused from a smoke enshrouded reverie by the entrance of a visitor. Having instructed the clerk that he was "out," he was surprised in that most unbusinesslike occupation of

doing nothing. He at once dived among a mass of papers on the table with an air of serious concern. A laugh, however, in a masculine voice, and indicative of amusement, caused him to look up, and he quickly swept the papers aside, at the same time tendering a cigar case to the intruder.

The new comer was the managing agent of the "New York Syndicate," by name Robert Clergue, and in appearance Stanley's double. Locking the door, he dropped lazily into a chair and accepted the proffered cigar.

"Well," he observed, "the bunco goes merrily on. The offer you made me on the road is already the talk of the whole town."

Stanley grinned. Then his face clouded, and for several moments he was silent.

"Bob," he said finally, "did you ever have a conscience?"

"Certainly," was the nonchalant reply. "It's like my soul—asserts itself when I'm dead."

The other made a hasty gesture of impatience.

"I'm talking straight, Bob," he returned gravely. "When a man has been a thief all his life, and then begins to feel wobbly under his collar button, is that conscience?"

"No—that means wine or woman. When it takes the get off the earth phase, it means cards. But what's happened—did the black eyes accomplish with you what the bullet failed to effect with Danton?"

"Danton's an idiot," was the forcible rejoinder. "He couldn't buy a spool of thread without confiscating every cotton field along the Mississippi River. But don't talk of him! Pay him, and get him out of town."

"You're not going to give in?" Bob queried somewhat anxiously.

"Give in!" Stanley ejaculated. "How can I give in? The woman can never pay for Danton's monuments to human imbecility, and she'll have to sell. Of course I shall buy, but, after what I have seen, could she in any way raise the money to save herself, I should not be sorry—then there would be no need

to unload a half finished hotel on some stock company."

"But, with nothing to shout about, the syndicate lots would soon be a cemetery of twenty dollar pieces."

Stanley regarded his partner with a look of amusement; then his smile broadened until it found vent in a hearty laugh.

"Bob," he returned, "your mind is descending to the Danton level. He would look for broadcloth in a brick yard—he'd get bricks thrown at him, though. The fact that—owing to later developments—I don't particularly care to buy, doesn't prevent my making aerial offers and seeming—to all intents and purposes—about to close the bargain. Tonight I shall go out there and—under the circumstances—shall probably return with the place in my pocket; but supposing I shouldn't? Why, my dear boy, it's perfectly plain; I have already stated publicly that I shall buy it, and these people are delightfully credulous. In the mean time the franchise shall be granted, I shall begin to lay rails at once, shall construct the hotel—on paper—and you will dispose of the syndicate lots. Then, should they move rather slowly, and we actually need Mrs. Arguello's land, why, that will be—and should have been—the time to use force; but I think that when that time comes we shall be watching the parachute gracefully descend, as we have sometimes done before."

Bob bent forward, and extended his hand. Neither spoke, but their eyes met, and in that glance there was a mutual comprehension deeper, perhaps, than could have been expressed by mere words.

Daylight was giving place to darkness, and the moon was rising above the distant foothills, when Stanley left the hotel, and once more was driven along the road toward the lake. At the gate he alighted and walked quickly along a narrow graveled path to the house. It was a quaint old place, and on the veranda he paused. All about his head was a network of trailing vines and flowers, their soft perfume mingling not unpleasantly with the harsher

odor which arose from numerous clumps of strangely smelling herbs everywhere scattered about the yard.

A window near him had been thrown open to admit the cool air of evening, and through it he could see Marie Arguello half sitting, half reclining, on an old fashioned sofa within. On her lap rested a mandolin, and his approach had evidently been unnoted, for her fingers continued to run lightly across the strings, bringing forth the strains of some languorous Spanish air.

In a deep seated chair near by, clad in deepest black, and her once handsome face darkened and lined with age, her mother was busily engaged with some filmy lacework, her eyes occasionally wandering toward her daughter, then about the room with a tired, yet seemingly restless, glance. It was a scene which, for a moment, Stanley was loath to disturb. Then he stepped back and tapped lightly on the door.

At dinner he had looked forward to this visit with no small degree of uneasiness; but he was received in a manner wherein even his fastidiousness could find nothing to deplore. There was none of that exuberant outpouring of gratitude which he had dreaded. The young girl thanked him, her hand again, for an instant, rested on his own with a warm clasp, then her eyelids drooped, and she resumed her seat on the sofa. The old lady added her appreciation with a soft, hesitating, Spanish accent, and it was ended.

With matters of financial import ever first in his mind, Stanley at once entered upon the subject of their difficulties. Once more he was compelled to listen to the whole tale, from Mrs. Arguello herself. This he did with an air of deepest interest, albeit his eyes occasionally strayed toward the young girl on the sofa. Then he presented what to him, as he explained, seemed the only solution of the matter, and that was an agreement by which, if finally forced to make a sale, they should sell to him, and for a price considerably greater than that offered by Danton.

"I haven't the least desire to dispossess you," he vouchsafed pleasantly.

"I hope you will be able to meet the payments; but should you not, why, in this way you are certain of obtaining the value of your place. In doing this I am actuated"—and he lowered his eyes—"purely by business motives, and deserve no thanks whatever. If you need the money for your land—which I hope you won't—it is ready for you; if not, I simply spend it elsewhere."

Possibly it occurred to Stanley that, from his surplus, he might have loaned them the necessary amount. It certainly did not to his hearers—perhaps because such a course would have occasioned that through which, in earlier days, they had lost everything—a mortgage. And there was a sort of irresistible fascination about his words, buoyant, off hand, and convincing, and when he spread out the document before them it was signed without even a reading. Then, with it safely stowed away in his pocket, the subject was dropped.

Mrs. Arguello rose presently and left the room, and to Stanley the remainder of the evening slipped away most agreeably. As might have been expected, after the occurrence of the preceding day, Marie appeared animated by a vague reserve, but this once broken, she proved a most entertaining companion. Reclining on the old sofa, mandolin in hand, her loose house gown revealing a softly rounded throat of dazzling purity, and falling about her slender figure in little caressing folds, she presented a picture in perfect harmony with the low, weirdly rhythmic music that floated from beneath her fingers. And yet, withal, Stanley's hand occasionally wandered toward the pocket in which he had placed the recently signed contract, and with it the whole scene appeared to dissolve before his eyes.

Not until he had risen to go was any reference made to her arrest. Standing on the veranda, in the dim light that shone from the hallway within, she suddenly asked:

"Do you think I shall be taken into court soon?"

"Never, I hope," he returned fervently—and yet with a slight blush. Then, lingering for an instant over the

hand which she again extended, he turned away.

The next day was, for Mr. Flint, a busy one. Scarcely had the sun taken its first peep above the horizon when it became known that he had virtually secured that for which they had all striven; and with this knowledge the boom might have been said to acquire its first actual and solid impetus. Stanley, with an ingenuous freedom, which men sometimes pitied, permitted all to bask in the light of his diamonds, and watch their little city develop on paper beneath his facile hand. A petition was drawn up, asking that the franchise be considered at a special and earlier meeting—though the mayor was present, and would later be found in the directorate of the road. Architects were consulted, contractors were summoned, and grades discussed; and through it all there floated a financial sincerity in which even a skeptic would have found it difficult to pick a flaw.

In a like manner, also, passed the ensuing day, and each of the next six. During that week there was never a day in which Stanley did not find some pretense for visiting the lake, and he seldom went there without whiling away a few moments on the veranda or within the shabbily furnished parlor of the old adobe house on its shores.

At the special meeting, which was at last called to consider—and to grant—the franchise, he was not present. Presumably he was occupied elsewhere, and with matters of greater importance. This presumption, however, like many others, was erroneous. He was comfortably ensconced in his room, and his occupation of the moment was the consumption of a cigar and the suppression of an unwonted irritation occasioned by a short note which he had received from Miss Arguello.

Why this should have disturbed him, perhaps even he could not have told. It merely stated that her mother, through an unforeseen circumstance, now expected to meet the assessments which had before troubled her. Nevertheless, it had aroused within him a most unenviable ebullition of temper.

A loud knock suddenly cut off his train of thought, and he stared at the unoffending door with an expression which, could it have penetrated the thin panels, might have caused a sensation among those outside.

"Knock, you idiots!" he muttered contemptuously. "Some day you'll knock a good deal louder and longer than you do now."

At the sound of footsteps moving slowly away, however, he rose and opened the door.

"Really, gentlemen," he said, with a charming sincerity, "I fear I owe you an apology; but I was so completely absorbed in those matters which interest us all that I failed to hear you knock. I trust, though, that you have not been long in waiting."

Those who entered manifested their appreciation of this reception by the usual protestations that they had but just arrived, and from that branched at once into more momentous topics. The franchise having been granted, the hotel was at once taken up, constructed, furnished, and almost occupied; a magnificent structure—all on paper.

Half an hour later, in the midst of a lofty peroration wherein boulevards circled the lake, steamers ruffled its waters, and his hearers were enjoying their honest reward in palatial villas about its shores, Mr. Flint was interrupted by the clerk, who entered with a message. Stanley perused its contents with an impassive face, his features, if possible, betraying even a greater degree of childlike innocence, as he turned to those about him and observed:

"From Mr. Clergue, gentlemen; will you excuse me for a few minutes? We may yet make the haughty gentleman from New York recognize the value of our money."

His visitors returned a laughing acquiescence, and he hastened from the room. Inwardly, however, Stanley by no means experienced the sense of complacency which his manner implied. The message had come from Bob, but was scarcely of the character which might have been inferred from his words. Miss Arguello was negotiating

the purchase of syndicate lots and he (Bob) had thought Stanley might like to be informed before the sale was closed.

In Mr. Clergue's office—a single storied, shanty-like structure almost concealed beneath glaring pictures of booming cannon, busy factories, elegant dwellings, puffing locomotives, and everything conceivable in the way of growing fruits and cereals—the young girl was seated near a large desk. Before her was a splendidly executed map, on which Bob was explaining locations and advantages with all the volubility and conviction of a lecturer extolling the beauties of the Garden of Eden.

Stanley nodded as he entered—to the young girl pleasantly, but significantly to his partner—and that gentleman, muttering some excuse, promptly entered a room beyond. Miss Arguello appeared somewhat surprised when Stanley dropped into his place, but clearly the change was in no way disagreeable to her.

But her pleasant greeting was lost on him; his face was preternaturally grave.

"Miss Arguello," he began abruptly, "is it through these lots that you expect to pay the liens accumulating against your mother's property?"

The girl nodded, and her smile betrayed considerable pride in her business abilities; but the clouds on his own face deepened.

"Then don't do it!" he adjured earnestly. "Don't do it."

"You can't mean that, Mr. Flint," the young girl returned in a somewhat aggrieved tone.

"But I do mean it!" Stanley broke out impetuously. "Don't buy land anywhere in this valley at present."

Miss Arguello drew back, and her eyes kindled with indignation.

"Mr. Flint," she returned coldly, "people have already said that mamma did wrong to trust you so implicitly, but I have not believed it—until now."

Stanley colored at the last words.

"Do I deserve that?" he asked in a low tone.

"I hope not," was the reply; "but what am I to think? We have a little money, and by investing it here, where

it is increasing every day, we can save our home. If we do not do so, you will get it."

Stanley winced. Then he rose, and approached the door through which his partner had disappeared. With his hand on the knob he paused. His face wore a troubled look, and his manner was marked by an irresolution altogether strange to him. He was standing on a line where he had never stood, hesitating where he had never hesitated before. At last he returned to his seat.

"Miss Arguello," he said in a sort of smothered tone, "you refuse to accept my advice, refuse to trust me; but I am going to trust you with my very fortune. That land which you would buy is mine—this whole boom is mine. Six months ago, in conjunction with Mr. Clergue, I bought that tract and inflated the balloon which in a few days we shall burst. Your mother's home I did want, but now I do not. The hotel and railroad are now built as far as they ever will be—on paper. Two weeks from to-day I shall have disposed of every foot of land I own here, and this city will thereafter be heard of only as a has been. Now will you save your money?"

For a moment the young girl made no reply. The color came and went from

her face like some flower whirled along by the breeze.

"Who—whom are we to trust?" she at last ejaculated tremulously.

Stanley leaned forward in his chair. Her hand was resting on the desk, and he reached toward it, hesitated—then took it in his own.

"Marie," he said softly, "you might trust me. I haven't known you long, but remember I'm a boomer—I think quickly. When I first took a pistol from this little hand I believe I wanted to take more—may I take it now?"

The young girl was silent, but Stanley needed no reply. He had taken her hand, and his arm crept about her waist—he took that for which he asked.

"And my mother?" the girl queried at last, raising her blushing face. "Do you own the claims against her?"

Stanley's reply was forestalled by a voice from beyond.

"I think I'm in on that part of it," it said, and Bob emerged from his temporary concealment. "I can't congratulate you," he added, with a laugh that belied his words, "because you'll be trading each other off for a ten acre alfalfa patch in three weeks. But you shall have those claims, Miss Arguello, as my wedding gift."

HER SMILE.

Of all her smiles the dearest
Is that which takes its rise
Where love shines forth the clearest—
In and about her eyes.

It sparkles there and twinkles,
Then slyly downward goes;
While tiny little wrinkles
Nestle about her nose.

Its sweetness unabating
At last it lightly slips
To where, impatient waiting,
I kiss it—on her lips.

S. Decatur Smith, Jr.

LITERARY CHAT

NEW SHORT STORIES.

THE publishers say that short stories bound in book form are hard to sell; that the average reader does not want a succession of electric shocks, but prefers to settle down upon one train of thought for a longer journey than the short story allows, if he have time to read a book at all. Even Rudyard Kipling's short stories are no longer in demand.

At this period Mr. Edmund Gosse prefaces a lecture by the author of "Wreckage" with the statement that the novel has had its day, and that the short story is the best exponent of literary art.

"There," he says, "all must be pungent, brief, and concentrated. There, if anywhere, must be exhibited the riveting magic of the narrator, the gift that plunges us at once into deep water. By labor, a readable long novel may be beaten out. It is work that is done with the cold hammer. The short story must run molten into the mold, filling it exactly, or it is ruined past all repair."

Ambrose Bierce's "Can Such Things Be?" are separate and complete and finished. But they can hardly be called stories. They are shocks.

They play upon the horror all living things feel for the dead, and upon the "creepiness" that comes upon us at the thought of motion in the body from which the life has gone.

There are old legends that the dead awake to malignant hates, and these Mr. Bierce has used with ghastly effect. The most gruesome tale is of a hanged man who was let down upon his feet, and who went walking through the crowd with terrible high steps and swinging head.

"Lay him upon his back," the doctor said. "Dead men are creatures of habit. They are accustomed to lying still upon their backs."

MR. HOWELLS' MODEL.

MR. HOWELLS, like every other good artist, has a model for his best characters. His wife has sat for *Mrs. March* in several of his books. Like Mrs. Dickens, who thought *Mrs. Nickleby* an impossible character, Mrs. Howells is quite unconscious that her clever and humorous husband has held her up to the world.

An acquaintance asked her the other day

what she thought of the series of farces in which she has been drawn as the inconsequent married woman.

"I haven't read them," Mrs. Howells said carelessly. "I never have time to read what Mr. Howells writes."

A YELLOW ASTER.

THE author of the latest addition to the literature of hysteria, "A Yellow Aster," is Mrs. Caffyn, the wife of an Australian doctor. The heroine of this novel is the daughter of two clever people, who marries, and in the most new fashioned way proceeds to find an original and unpleasant way of being unhealthily unhappy. We can forgive the wife of a doctor for writing a study in neurosis, if anybody can be forgiven for disguising that unpleasant dose as a supposedly amusing novel.

Mrs. Dick says: "What a doctor can't teach a woman isn't worth knowing." But where on earth did Sarah Grand and Beatrice Harraden get started upon medical fiction?

MARION CRAWFORD'S NEW SERIES OF NOVELS.

MR. CRAWFORD makes such a business matter of novel writing, and has been so successful in an artistic as well as a financial sense, that any new plan of his is looked at with interest all along the line. His publishers buy outright the novels which he turns out with such great rapidity. They have lately made the announcement that they have begun, with "Katherine Lauderdale," the publication of a series which, like Balzac's "Comédie Humaine," will deal with one family and its environment. It has not been published, but his publishers are telling it as an open secret, that the family about which the action is to be laid is named Gould in real life.

"Katherine Lauderdale" certainly gives little hint of the fact. It is a two volume record of five days in the life of a man who succeeds in marrying a wife secretly, and keeping sober for that length of time. The story of the trouble which resulted from the combination takes Mr. Crawford so long to narrate that one is reminded to sympathize with that old backwoodsman to whom a city man sent a bundle of books, in grateful remembrance of happy days in the woods.

Next season he asked the guide how he enjoyed them.

"I didn't read but one," the man said, "and that was about a long winded gasbag who wrote a book to say he killed a bear."

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

THE lives of authors are interesting for reasons that go far beyond mere curiosity.

Not long ago David Christie Murray bade fair to be one of the greatest writers of English fiction. He was not only a clever writer of novels, but a producer of excellent plays, and when the necessity arose he could go upon the stage and act the part of his hero as no one else could interpret it.

He was a strong man in every way, for whom a great future was expected; but lately he has had trouble. His wife has sued him for a divorce, complaining of neglect and cruelty. His last book, "In Direst Peril," is weak and unsatisfactory. It is full of incident, but it is like the threshing of chaff. There is a commotion, but when it is all over there is nothing satisfying. The style is good, for there is no writer who can use words more effectively, but it is a disappointment to his readers.

A SCOTCH ARTIST AUTHOR.

THE windows of a New York publishing house are filled with attractive little volumes labeled "The Story of Margredel," with the sub title "The Story of a Fifehire Family." It is stories like this which arrest and attract a class of people, men and women, who lead rushing lives. The atmosphere they breathe is wholesome and sweet and refreshing, like a draught of cold water in the fever of a night. These readers are often critics who publish, critics who talk, and who are glad to pass on a "find." It is thus that the reputations of such books are made.

People who live in the country, or in that deeper quiet of the great town, which comes to those who are just out of the current of human events, whose nerves are not vibrated by living, but only by the echoes of the living of others—such people crave a different sort of mental food.

They are like the girl who had heard that George Sand's novels were "wicked," and laboriously translated one. She said she didn't see anything in it. It was all about "a lot of peasants, as poor as crows."

The author of this new book is David T. Meldrum, a Scotchman, who is also an artist. He has been writing, and exhibiting pictures for about five years. His first story, "Rathillet," was published in

Blackwood's Magazine. He went up to London to seek his fortune, and became, within a short time, editor of *Rod and Gun*. He is a young man of twenty eight, who looks as Thackeray did in his youth. He is the strong, shrewd, clever young man who seeks and enjoys the society of publishers rather than that of other writers. The publishers repay him by great faith in his powers, and predict for him a future among writers of the first rank.

THE BIRTH OF "DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE."

APROPOS of the story of the blind man who heard "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" read so many years before it was published, it is interesting to hear Mr. Stevenson's publishers tell his own story of its creation.

There had been years of incessant, exhausting toil and discipline before Mr. Stevenson was able to put the fancies of his brain into such shape as would command public approval. The story of "Jekyll and Hyde," for instance, was very long in development, although it was written almost as swiftly as was Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas," which the great Cham wrote in a few days that he might raise the money to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral.

The idea which subsequently developed into the story of "Jekyll and Hyde" was in Stevenson's mind for a long time. He tried to formulate it many times, but without such results as were satisfactory to him. He had almost given up the hope of being able to produce a story which should suggest the idea of man's dual nature, when one night, finding himself at an old fashioned inn somewhere in England, a storm raging without, and he having no other companion than the fire in the grate, there flashed in his mind as by inspiration what seemed to him to be the successful way of writing that story.

In a moment he began it, and writing with what for him was unusual speed, he completed it, not expecting that it would prove any more popular than some of the other sketches which he had previously written. It surprised him, and of late years has somewhat annoyed him, to know that his fame was built upon that story.

HEREDITY IN LITERATURE.

JUST now almost every new book we take up, from "The Heavenly Twins," with its desperately serious purpose, to Maria Louise Poole's Puritan girl with her erratic grandfather and her Ibsenish disposition, tries in one fashion or another to deal with the

question of the transmission of qualities from parent to child.

The literature of every decade has its dominant note, taken from some master chord. Zola and Ibsen are responsible for the present outbreak of semi medical studies in heredity.

Dr. Wright has written a book accounting for the genius of the Brontë sisters, which is not only true, but genuinely wholesome, and more interesting than any piece of fiction, although so badly put together. From among the Irish bogs he has unearthed a grandfather for Charlotte and Emily with a marvelous gift for having exciting things happen to him, and a faculty for narrating his moving accidents so that they should lose none of their thrilling qualities.

It is to the influence of this grandfather, Hugh Brontë, that Dr. Wright traces the genius of the two girls in the lonely parish of Haworth. Some of his adventures were used by Emily in "Wuthering Heights." He was adopted by a man known as Welsh Brontë, who had himself been brought into the family by adoption. This Welsh Brontë was a cruel man, upon whom Emily founded *Herncliffe*.

It was a son, another Hugh, who went to London with his shillalah to break the head of the critic who wrote the famous review of "Jane Eyre." It was only a few years ago that the author of that review was discovered in Lady Eastlake.

ENGLAND'S NEW POET.

THERE has arisen a new poet in England. That country seems to be in such a general state of fermentation just now that almost anything may come out of it. Three of the most popular novels of the day are studies in disease; the "young girl" has risen in revolt against the matron; and the favorite heroine of the year is a *Dodo*!

It seems only in the natural order of things that the new poet should be rescued from the gutter to be hidden away in a convent to make poetry. Until Francis Thompson was twenty four he showed no inclination to write. The story goes that after he left a Catholic college in the north of England, he was sent by his father, a country doctor, up to London to study medicine.

After it was discovered that he was idling away his time, his father refused to support him any longer; but he never seemed to see any sort of necessity for supporting himself. This young man, healthy, educated, earned enough money to sleep in a cheap lodging house and eat a slice of bread now

and then, by selling matches or blacking boots. He was ragged, hungry, and at the lowest pitch of poverty, and to that he added the morphine habit.

One day there was thrown in, at an English magazine office, a bundle of dirty manuscript which startled the editor. He hunted up the author, and found a beggar in the slums of London. This man—Francis Thompson—has written exactly eighty four pages of verse, and it is the verdict of certain critics that he is the one living poet in England today.

He was taken to a monastery in Wales, where he will probably spend the rest of his life. Here is a small specimen of the verse which has aroused the praise of critics like Coventry Patmore. The reader may form his own opinion of it:

Life's a veil the real has:

All the shadows of our scene
Are but shows of things that pass
On the other side the screen.

Time his glass sits nodding by;

'Twixt its turn and turn a spawn
Of universes buzz and die,
Like the ephemeris of the dawn.

Turn again the wasted glass!

Kingly crown and warrior's crest
Are not worth the blade of grass
God fashions for the swallow's nest.

Kings must lay gold circlets down

In God's sepulchral anterooms;
The wear of Heaven's the thorny crown:
He paves His temples with their tombs.

O our towered altitudes!

O the luster of our thrones!
What! Old Time shall have his moods
Like Cæsars and Napoleons;

Have his towers and conquerors forth,

Till he, weary of the toys,
Put back Rameses in the earth
And break his Ninevehs and Troys.

Mystery of mysteries!

Some few feet beneath the soil
The ancestral silences:
On the surface such a coil!

WHY "Q" IS AN AUTHOR.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH, whose latest book of stories, "The Delectable Duchy," keeps up to the high standard he has made for himself, delights in being an author.

"My calling ties me to no office stool," he writes, "makes me no man's slave, compels me to no action that my soul condemns. It sets me free from town life, which I loathe, and allows me to breathe clean air, to exercise limbs as well as brain, to tread good turf and wake up every morning to

the sound and smell of the sea and that wide prospect which to my eyes is the dearest on earth.

"All happiness must be purchased with a price, though people seldom recognize this; and part of the price is that living thus a man can never amass a fortune. But as it is extremely unlikely that I could have done this in any other pursuit, I may claim that I have the better of the bargain."

Mr. Couch lives in his "Delectable Duchy," and in his stories gives some glimpses of the peculiar superstitions of its people. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, and is the trainer—all for love of it—of the boat crew of Fowey Grammar School, which is near his house. His wife is a delightful woman, who is as fond of sport and outdoor life as he, but who stays indoors quite long enough to create a charming home.

"Q's" first story, "Dead Man's Rock," was founded upon a bit of family lore. There hung upon a nail in the ancestral home of the Quillers a key which had been placed there by Richard Quiller in 1809, with solemn injunctions that only he himself should remove it. He went away and never returned, and the key still hangs upon its nail. From that nucleus grew "Dead Man's Rock," with its mystery.

"SCUTTLES," THE CAT.

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD, the author of "Mrs. Keith's Crime," "Aunt Anne," and "The Love Letters of a Worldly Woman," is one of the best entertainers in London's literary set. Her Sunday afternoons, held in her simple, study-like drawing room, are also much frequented by distinguished French and American litterateurs. Among the latter Henry James, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Mrs. Chandler Moulton, when in London, are there constantly.

One meets also such men as Huxley and Herbert Spencer, men who, as a rule, scrupulously avoid the world and all its works. Mrs. Clifford may also be said to have been Rudyard Kipling's literary god-mother. It was she who introduced him to the best London society. Her black cat "Scuttles" remains as a living proof of the famous story teller's regard for the author of "Mrs. Keith's Crime." One night Kipling, with his glasses dimmed by London fogs, appeared at her door, holding something close in his arms.

"Dear Mrs. Clifford," he said, "I am going away, and I have brought to you the creature who has made my home; who has welcomed me at night and wakened me with caresses in the morning." And open-

ing his coat, he took out a black, solemn eyed cat, who might sit for a model of a witch's satellite.

Mrs. Clifford's personality is charming to every one who approaches her, she is so real, so honest, so ideally womanly. No woman who had not these qualities could have conceived "Mrs. Keith's Crime."

A WESTERN AUTHOR.

HAMLIN GARLAND, whose "Main Traveled Roads" is not half as well known as it should be, is a handsome, well formed man, graceful, easy, and full of delightful talk. He impresses one as being thoroughly honest, and impatient of any sort of sham. He has been a school teacher in Illinois and a farmer in Dakota. Out there, with blizzards howling about his little board cabin, he read Taine, and dreamed of being a part of literature, while he made saleratus biscuits. He kept a little store in his shanty for a time.

In 1884 he went to Boston, determined to stay. He had not a friend in all the great East, and only a hundred dollars in his pocket. He had hopes of earning money by his pen. It seemed to him that editors must want the high ideas that he knew were struggling to flow from his brain toward the printed page. He says now that had he realized the terrible difficulties in his way, he would have hesitated long.

Garland says of his own work:

"Courting is not a man's whole life, by any means, and the love making age is not usually the age of the deepest reflection and feeling. The drama of life does not usually begin in real earnest until after marriage, and for men whose whole life is a long struggle for existence, the courtship period is a brief one, and soon, perhaps, a very insignificant memory.

"I try to give in my stories a picture of the larger issues and phases of life as I have known them. My aim is truthfully to represent the common working farmer—the renter and the hired man as well; to take the three men out of five rather than the one man out of ten. I aim to put in the proper proportion of dusty days, rainy days, and cold days, the proper proportion of terrible toil and pleasuring.

"I think I have in my own work largely solved the problem of giving my character's occupation the same prominence and influence which it has in real life. I have heard that many writers find this the most difficult part of their work—and if they write of farm life without experience, I can quite understand it."

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE INDIVIDUAL.

THE following historical calendar is given as a record of the gradual extension of the functions performed by the government in America:

1621-1631. The public began to record deeds and wills and keep records.

1634. The public first provided education for all.

1660. The public provided lighthouse service.

1789. The public began to carry mails and distribute letters.

1820. The public began to provide fire departments.

Besides all this, the relief of poverty, the suppression of disease, the lighting of the streets, and in most cases the supply of water, have been matters of public control practically from the beginning.

It is an interesting question whether the extension of governmental functions will continue, and if so how far. There are those who believe that the solution of many social and political problems lies in pushing it to the very furthest extent. Their theory is that everything which is needed by everybody, or by nearly everybody, should be supplied by the community. They would "nationalize" the telegraphs, the telephones, the railroads, the street cars, and some would carry the principle out to its extremity, and make the government own all the land and control all the employment of labor. Here we pass, as it were, through the theoretic realm of Mr. Henry George, and finally debouch into undisguised socialism.

On the other hand, the majority of Americans who reflect upon the subject are inclined to regard with extreme jealousy all suggestions looking to the extension of governmental control of what are now private concerns. The wide application of which the theory is capable is to them its great objection. Once let paternalism begin its march, they foresee the subordination or suppression of all individual initiative, and the destruction of the very keystone of our social fabric.

In some of the European countries these questions have become matters of practical interest to a much greater extent than here; but both in this country and others they are likely to figure prominently among the great

political problems of the new century that is soon to dawn.

LIMITING THE LAWMAKERS.

THE Ohio Legislature has voted to make its sessions biennial hereafter, as required by the constitution of the State, instead of annual. There are now only five commonwealths whose lawmakers meet every year. The five are New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and South Carolina.

All the newer States have preferred the less frequent assembling of their legislative bodies; and in most of them the length of the session is limited to ninety, sixty, or even forty days. This may be a poor compliment to the gentlemen of the political profession, but it is evidently the fact that American communities desire as little interference from their statute framers as possible. They would rather run the risk of having too few laws than too many.

That is a point that may be considered in connection with the preceding article.

THE GREATER NEW YORK.

ACCORDING to the provisions of the bill recently passed by the lawmakers at Albany, at the next general election the citizens of New York, Brooklyn, and nearly three hundred square miles of the surrounding territory, will declare whether they wish to be united into a single municipality, under a charter to be subsequently granted by the Legislature. The result, if the proposed consolidation shall be accepted by the people, will be a city containing twice as many square miles as any other in the world—unless we regard the London police district as a municipality—and a population that will probably be second only to that of the British metropolis.

The last Federal census set New York fourth among the cities of the civilized world. In 1880 it had been third; but according to the figures given by the government enumerators it was, during the following decade, outgrown and passed by Berlin, whose population reached 1,579,244 in 1890, against New York's 1,513,501. The subsequent municipal census added about 200,000 to these last figures, and reversed the relative position of the two cities. The establishment of the Greater New York would end their rivalry, and enable the American

metropolis to challenge and almost certainly to outstrip Paris in the race for second place.

The municipal limits of London contained, in 1891, 4,231,431 people; those of Paris, in the same year, 2,447,957. New York, if its boundaries should be extended as proposed, would probably muster fully 2,800,000 at the present time, and would, at the next census, unquestionably rank as the second city of the world.

This, of course, is purely a sentimental consideration; yet its influence is sure to be felt. The desire to be "a citizen of no mean city" is something that appeals to almost every one. But the proposed consolidation involves material and financial issues that are of greater real importance. If it will render the administration of public affairs more difficult, more complicated, and more expensive; if it will render independent voters more insignificant and political rings more powerful, then it will be dearly purchased at the gratification of a mere fancy for bigness. If, on the other hand—as its promoters urge—it will promote unity, simplicity, and economy of administration, and raise the tone of municipal politics by setting it upon a larger basis and giving it added responsibility and dignity, then this expansion will surely be a boon to all the interests it concerns.

In either case, it will mark one of the most important epochs in the history of the chief urban community of the New World.

"YOU'RE A HOSTLER STILL."

It is said of a certain Philadelphia gentleman, whose millions were earned solely by his own exertions, that an old acquaintance, whose station in life had always been humble, once approached him and asked for the loan of two hundred and fifty dollars. The applicant was informed that he could have the money if he could give anything like security for it.

The suggestion of security excited the would-be borrower's indignation. "Why, Jake," he said in an aggrieved tone, "don't you remember that about twenty years ago you and I were hostlers together at so and so's place?"

"Yes," said the other, "and you're a hostler still."

The incident is suggestive. Despite the undefined impression that is prevalent to the contrary, the fact that of two hostlers or two office boys one rises and one remains stationary, does not give the latter any just grievance against the former, or any rightful claim to partial ownership of his pro-

perty. To be poor is no disgrace; but to remain poor is no particular credit.

THE EFFECT OF A GREAT SCANDAL.

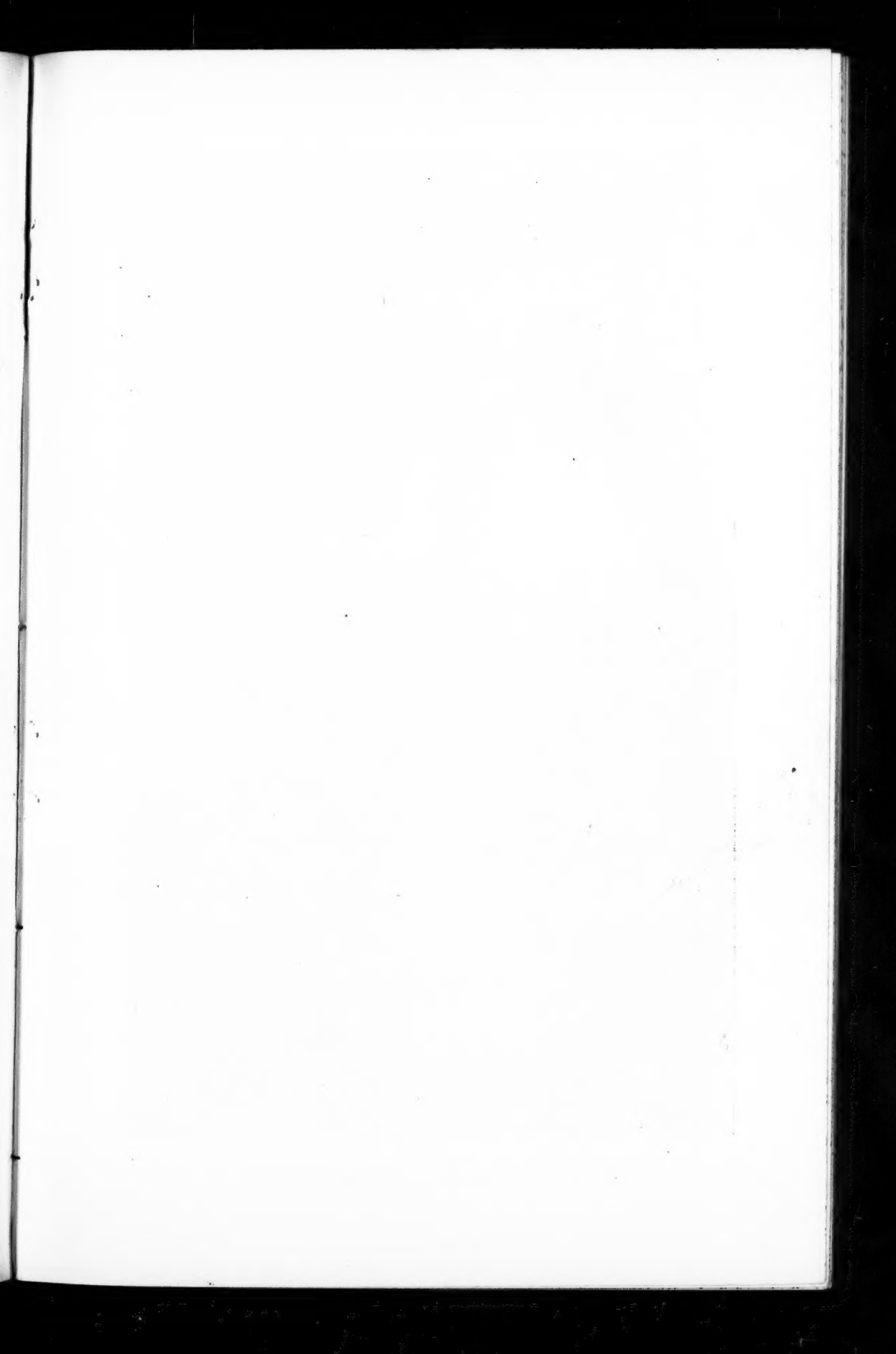
ONE of the leading counsel in the Breckinridge case, a man who has himself seen long service in public life, has expressed the opinion that the disclosures of the trial, spread broadcast by the daily press, must have a marked evil effect upon public and private morals. And as far as concerns the unnecessary publicity given to the shameful circumstantial details of a vulgar intrigue, it is to be feared that such is the fact. Of the broad lesson of the case, however, with its revelations of man's depravity and woman's weakness, we would fain hope and believe that a more optimistic view is possible.

Surely the story must convey a warning to the least thoughtful. Its hideousness must be felt even by the least squeamish perception. What an ignoble, base, and miserable life the principals in this drama led! The punishment that has come upon them now must be almost a relief after the wretchedness of nine years' constant dread of detection. Sin attractive! Vice seductive! Who thinks so, in the glaring light of exposure? Never was the everlasting adage that the wages of sin is death set forth in clearer characters. The publication of the scandal may have been like a ray of light falling upon the entrance of the downward path, and making its whereabouts dangerously clear; but the light shines brightest of all upon the motto over the gate—"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

HAZING AND THE LAW.

THE New York Legislature has passed a law which makes the academic operation popularly known as "hazing" a criminal offense. The college student will perhaps be gratified to find himself a subject of consideration for reverend bodies of lawmakers, although he may not appreciate the particular form into which that consideration has crystallized. It is safe to say, however, that if he thinks himself aggrieved no one will sympathize with him. If he is a boy, he needs the regulation of parental tutelage. If he is a man, he must obey ordinary rules of conduct, or the law will punish him just as it punishes other offenders.

Whatever hazing may be termed—an institution, a custom, a freak, a sport, a relic of barbarism—there is no place for it in modern society. We are sincerely glad to think that we probably have heard quite or nearly the last of it.





"Allegro."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by J. C. Herterich.